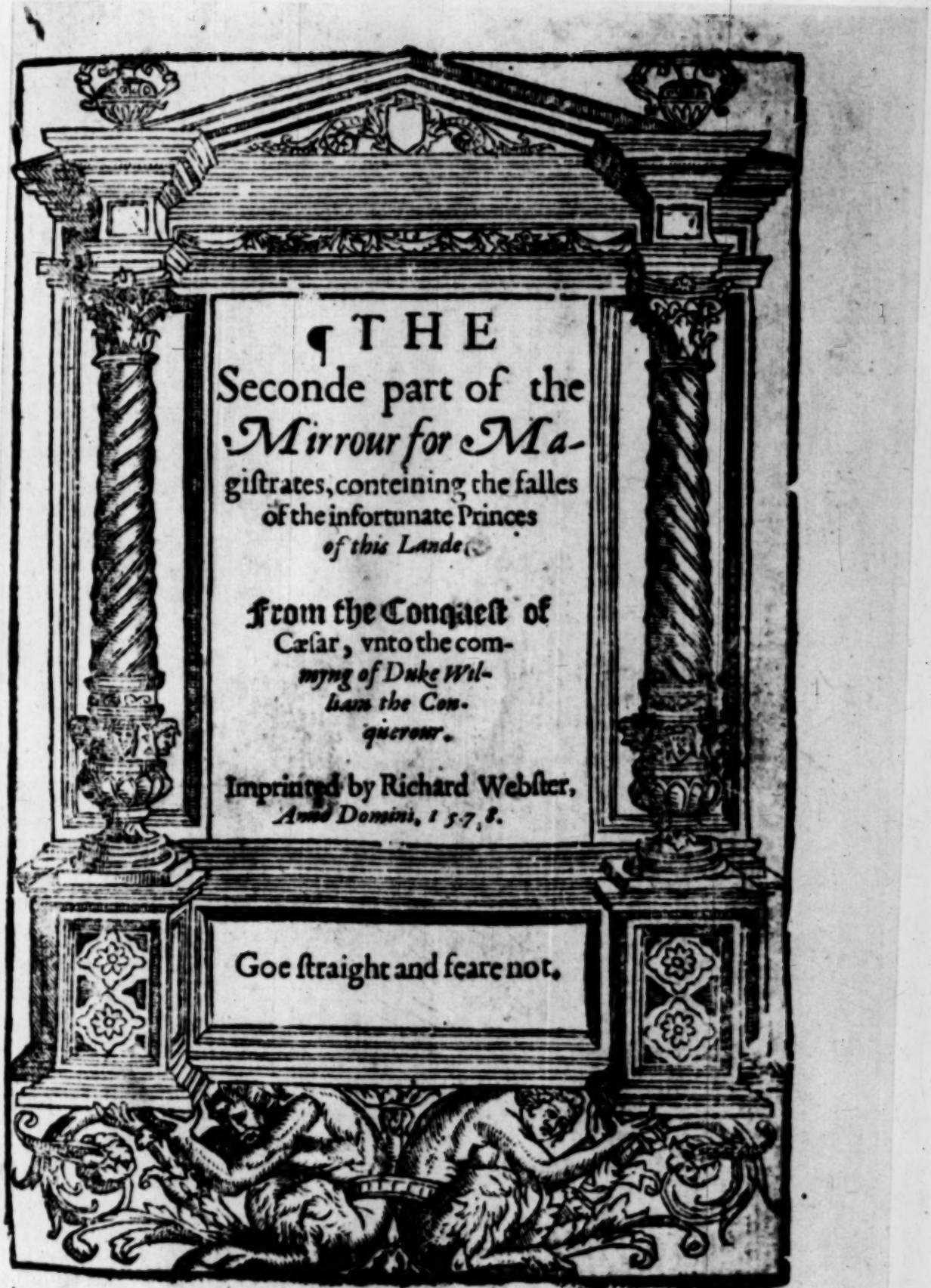


¶ THE
Seconde part of the
Mirrour for Ma-
giſtrates, conteining the falles
of the infortunate Princes
of this Lande.

From the Conqueſt of
Cæſar, vnto the com-
myng of Duke Wil-
liam the Con-
querour.

Imprinted by Richard Webſter,
Anno Domini, 1578.

Goe ſtraight and feare not.

The Printer to

the friendly Reader.

Entle Reader, I truſtyng in thy accuſtomed kyndneſſe, haue publiſhed this Booke, Entituled, *The Second part of the Mirrour for Magiſtrates,* the Authour whereof is now beyond the Seas, and wyl marueile at his returne, to find thys imprinted. For his intent was but to profite and pleaſure one priuate man, as by his Epiſtle may appeare. But I fyndyng the copie by chaunce, ſhewing it vnto diuers men, both learned and wiſe: and findyng a booke alredy in print, Entituled, *The firſt and third part of the Mirrour for Magiſtrates,* I was moued diuerſly of diuers men, by printyng this latter woorke, to make perfite the former booke. It may be (good Reader) that the friendely acceptyng hereof, wyll encourage

The Printer to the Reader.

the Authour to ſet thynges of greater price in Print: yet eſteeme thou this as a Lanterne, hauyng lyght ſufficient to guyde thy wandryng ſteppes, both vnto the happyneſſe of this worlde, and of the world to come.

Whiche happyneſſe God graunt wee all may enioye.

¶ The Authours Epiſtle vnto his friende.

SIr, it woulde be too manifeſt an Argument of a nature degeneratyng from al gentrie, if I ſhoulde not conſider of your requeſt, you asking and vrging both honeſt and profitable thyngs, I therfore to enſure you, that I am not forgetful of your demaund, preſumyng like blynd Bayard to this my boldneſſe, haue not with Apolloes *Penſile*, but with Pans *pleaſantleſſe Pen*, indeuoured to endite that which you are ſo deſirous to haue done. And although I once tranſlated for you, Ouid, De remedio amoris, as you ſaid, to your contentation, we beyng then in Cambridge, where aske helpe, and haue helpe, might be had: yet nowe I wyl enſure you, lyke one amazed, I haue ſtrayned my ſtrength vnto the vttermoſt, being deſirous to finiſh this woorke. You know that Loue matters be agreeing with Caliopes *Quill*, euery Apprentiſe can of ſuch matter, make a Meter. But how hard a thing it is to compell Clio, with her boyſterous banners, to couch vnder the compaſſe of a few metered lines, I referre you vnto the good Turberuile, who ſo ſoone as he began to take the terrible Treatiſe of Lucan in hand, he was inforſt to vnyoke his Steeres, and to make holy day. Shal I then with Bochas *Pen* declare the falles of the vnfortunate Princes of the olde worlde? O intollerable preſumption, that timorous Tyro ſhoulde dare to deale with menaſing Mars: or that a young infant ſhould offer to put on the Buskins of Hercules: ſhal I then with ſilence ceaſſe to accompliſh your requeſt? O ſinguler ingratitude, that any friend ſhould refuſe to ſweate, to pleaſure and profite his friend. Doo you not conſider, that al the fine wyts that England hath inioyed theſe many yeres, haue buſied their braynes very much, to make an Engliſh Mirrour for Magiſtrates, which booke is left euen vnto this day, like the vnperformed image of Venus, paynted by Apelles? No man is able to finiſh the work, which they with Homers hawtie Heroycal ſtyle haue begunne: and yet you woulde haue me (the leaſt of the Poets) to make trial what I am able to doo therin. But me thinke I do heare you ſay, as you were woont, we being conuerſant together, What meane al theſe wordes? thou knoweſt that the vayne of thy verſe doth moſt delight my humor. And ſeeing

it is but for my priuate Study, what meane you to allege all these allegations, as though Orestes *were* Zoilus? *Syr, I confesse al this to be true: yet this I speake, to signifie vnto you, howe willyng the good wyl I doo beare vnto you, hath made me, being otherwise vnwil[l]ing to beare a sayle in such rough weather, where euery Sea is ready to deuoure me. And when with sayles and Oares (as they say) I with al my diligence endeuoured to compasse the thing nowe accomplished, I founde my selfe euen in the myddest of the matter, clapt close with* Theseus, *in a returnable Labarinth, to fight with* Despayre *that miserable* Minotaur: *where, when I could finde no* Ariadne, *to lende me a bottome of Twist, I looked that* Parcæ *shoulde haue shread my twyne before my returne. Yet at the last wandring* Erato, *with her sister* Terpsichore *perceiuing me with such diligence to trauise that Maze, they willing to helpe the desires of my mynd, said thus vnto me:*

Come forth thou wandring wight this way,
Doo followe vs outright:
We geue thee leaue with Poets penne,
On Princes Falles to write.

Wherewith they leadyng me vnto the fountayne Permestus, *I without any further determination, galloped through the rest, whiche when leysure shall geue you leaue to reade, ceasse then to thinke on the* L. Buchurst, *or* Sackuyll, *let* Gascon *and* Churchyarde *be forgotten. And if you chaunce to see the Meter, or matter not so well polished, as beseemeth, then remember, that they whose falles I haue here penned, were not of late tyme, but suche as lyued presently after the Incarnation of Christe: and I haue not thought it decent, that the men of the olde worlde shoulde speake with so garnished a Style, as they of the latter tyme.*

Moreouer, you may, if you please to consider, that Souldiers, of whiche I am one by profession, wee be not alwayes lusking in our Forte or Castle, but be as tyme and occasion wyll permyt, here to day, wee knowe least our selues, where to morrowe. And I wyll ensure you, the most part of these my Princes dyd pleade their causes vnto me, euen in the Sea, a place in fayth, not meete to penne Tragedies. And as for bookes, I was altogether destitute: for

when

The Authour to his friende.

when I, to pleaſe my fantaſie, trauayled (as you knowe) I could not beare about with me a librari: but for cariage ſake, contented my ſelf with theſe foure: With the thirde Decade of Titus Liuye, with Boſwelles Concordes of Armorie, with Monſignor de Langé, that notable Warriour, & with the vnperfect Mirrour for Magiſtrates: whiche bookes made nothing to this purpoſe. I had not thoſe Chronicles whiche other men had: my Memorie and Inuention were vnto me in ſtead of Grafton, Polidore, Cooper, and ſuche like, who dyd greatly ayde other men. And Liſt of al you muſt conſider, that the other part of the miſeries of thoſe miſerable Princes were written, I ſittyng on a Rocke in the Sea, not in Spaine, Italie, Fraunce, Scotlande, or Englande, but in Garnzie Caſtle, where although there be learned men, yet none whiche ſpende their tyme ſo vainely as in Poetrie. So that the complaintes of theſe men were written (as I ſay) where the want of helpe dyd diuerſly daunt me with deſpayre. You haue greatly requeſted me by your laſt letter, to make vnto you a Diſcourſe of the Ile of Garnzie, and howe it is poſsible for the Caſtle to be a place ſo pleaſaunt for habitation, as I haue reported it, ſeeing it ſtandeth in the Sea, ſeparate from any lande. Good Syr, to write thereof (ſo manyfolde be the commodities and thinges woorthy the writyng of) woulde rather require a good volume, then a peece of an Epiſtle. Let it therefore ſuffice for this tyme, that I by writyng vnto you ſome fewe lines of the Gouernour, I may brieſely declare what the gouernement and commodities be. The right woorſhipful Maiſter Thomas Leighton is her Maieſties Lieutenaunt there.

Syr, I doo remember, howe conſtant Conſtantine the Great was in Religion, and howe that noble Emperour mynded the Reformation thereof. You knowe howe carefull Licurgus and Solon were for making of good Lawes, and miniſtring of iuſtice. And Hiſtories doo recorde, howe paſsing happye Epaminundas was in al his affayres: But what a ſeemely ſight is it, to ſee al theſe vertues ſo to concurre in one man, that hee who ſhoulde compare hym with them, ſhould, I wyl enſure you, doo hym great iniurie?

for

The Authour to his Friend.

for (that I may briefly conclude) vndoubtedly a few such men as he is, being plaste at a Princes elbow, were sufficient to keepe the most ruinous common weale that is, from ruine and destruction. And now, iudge you the commodities of the Countrey, by the goodnesse of the Gouernour, for as Seneca sayeth:

Where Gouernours be good, and rule their charge aright,
Without an ebbe, there flowes the flood, which vertuous minds delight.

And heere I doo turne me from these thinges, vntill by talke with you, I may dilate more at large therof, and returning my selfe vnto my former purpose, I haue not thought it conuenient to write the complaynts of these men, with so obscure a stile as some other haue done, but with so playne an exposition, that he who doth reade them shal not neede to be Oedipus, for euery playne Dauus shall by reading them, easely vnderstand the Authours drift. And because Diligence and Memorie bee all the helpers that I haue, therefore I haue ordayned them, as the chiefe workers of my wyll. Higgins vsed (I know not what) Morpheus the God of dreames, But I dreame not: the other had Baldwine for their hearer, but I haue diligent Inquisition, who can finde out al things, and Memorie, who knoweth al thinges, for the Arbiters of my matter. Take you therefore, the fruites of these my idle howres sent vnto you with a good wyll, and according vnto the trust reposed in you, keepe these trifles from the view of all men, and as you promysed, let them not raunge out of your priuate Study. And thus wishing vnto you honour and long lyfe, I ende, the. 15. daye of Maye, An. 1577.

(.·.)

Your Friende to vse,
Thomas Blener Hasset.

¶ The Table of the Contents of *this ſeconde Booke of the* Mirrour for Magiſtrates.

HOw Guidericus refuſed to pay tribute vnto Claudius Cæſar, how he ſubdued Galba, howe he being deſirous to winne all the worlde, ſpoyled Fraunce, Germany, and a great part of Italy, and laſtly how he was miſerably ſlayne in a tempeſt of thunder, euen at what time he ſhoulde haue dealt with Cæſar. This hiſtorie is a ſinguler example of Gods vengeance againſt pride and arrogancye. Fol. 2

Howe Caraſſus a huſbandmans ſonne, ſlewe Lodrike the King of the Pictes, and how the Emperour made him a Captayne. Then howe he obteyned the Brittayne Crowne, and how ſuſpition brought hym to Decaye. Fol. 10.

How Queene Hellina was Empreſſe of al the world. This Storye dooth declare howe happye they bee which liue in the feare and loue of God. Fol. 18.

How Vortiger deſtroyed the young King Conſtantine, and howe hee obtayned the Crowne. Howe the abuſing of his proſperitie, brought him and his Realme ſo lowe, that hee was conſtrayned to hyre ſouldiours to defende himſelfe from his enimies, and howe after many miſeries hee was miſerably burnte in his Caſtell, by the brethren of Conſtantine. Fol. 24.

The Table.

Howe Vter Pendragon was inamoured with Duke Gareius wife, and howe by lawleſſe loue he loſt his kingdom. This example is moſt neceſſarye for the preſent time, Fol. 31.

How Cadwallader the laſt King of the Brittaynes, after he had behaued himſelfe very valiauntly againſt the Saxons, reſigned his Crowne, and went to Rome, where he liued in a Religious houſe. This Story containeth in it the eſtate of al eſtates. Fol. 36.

How Sigebert was thruſt from his Throne, and miſerably ſlayne by a Heardman. This Tragedie dooth teache both Prince and Subiect his duty at large. Fol. 41.

How Lady Ebbe dyd ſlea her Noſe and vpper Lyppe away, to ſaue her Virginitie, Fol, 48.

How Alurede was brought vnto diſeaſe, and vnto vntimely death, being inclyned vnto the ſinne of the fleſh. By his example we may learne, that one vice is ſufficient to deface a hundred Vertues. Fol. 51.

How Egelrede for his wickedneſſe was diuerſly diſtreſſed by the Danes, and laſtly dyed for ſorrow, ſeing himſelfe not able to deale with Canutus, Fol, 55.

How Edricus deſtroyde the valiaunt King Edmunde Ironſide, hoping to haue great preferment for his labour of Canutus the Dane: and how the ſame Canutus cauſed him to be headed for his labour. A neceſſary example for all ſuch

as

as thinke by crafte and deceit to increaſe theyr credit. Fol. 59.

How King Harolde raigning but nine monethes, had continuall warre with the Danes, with the Norway King, with his Brother Toſto, and with Duke William. who partly by his ſtrength, but chiefly by policy ouercame him, and by kylling hym in the feeld, obtayned the kingdome of Englande. This Hiſtory dooth declare, that no manhod nor courage can keepe the Crowne from the right Heyres head. Fol. 62

FINIS.

Diligent Inquisition (saieth Memoric) beholde in the bottomlesse pyt of blind Obliuion: there remayneth as yet a multitude, who although in their tyme, they were of all men most famous, and euen in this our time, their ensamples be patternes passing singular, to reforme the deformities of this age, notwithstanding they are so couered and hidden with those mistie cloudes of fylthy forgetfulnes, that if thou Inquisitiō doest not with all dilygent inquiry, and I Memorye, (who haue howsed vp in my treasury the knowledge of all thinges) except wee with all our industrye, doo endeuour our selues, they are not lyke euer to come into the light. For at what time those barbarous nations, (I meane the Gothes, Hunes, and Danes) dyd with so great outrage ouerrunne all the worlde: euen then the auncient Histories, and Recordes of time, were by them vtterly defaced, so that Princes, before that time, how renowmed so euer they were, be at this present, euen by their meanes, buryed so deepe in obliuion, that I Memorye cannot

without a new inquirye of many most Noble Princes, repeate a few wordes: speake you therfore Inquisition, and declare your mynde, how we might renew the decayed Memory of those men. See heere (quoth Inquisition,) with great and diligent Memorye, I haue founde out diuers, who with their continuall complaynynges, haue euen for conscience sake made me their procleare, to exhibite vnto you in their behalfe a Supplycation, in which they complayne of the great iniurie they suffer, because they bee excluded out of the English Mirrour of Magistrates: their only desire is, that you would once agayne, by celebrating their decayed names, with a fresh Memoryall, geue them libertie to declare their estates themselues. Of which, as fyrst though not chiefest, Guidericus the thyrde King of the subdued Brittaynes: and the fyrst that refused to pay tribute to Rome, desyreth to bee harde. Wee will sayth Memory assist hym in what wee may, and not onely geue them leaue, but also intreate them to declare their estates. But where is that Guidericus, the exployts of wose lyke were so passing singular, that had hee not beene moued with two much boldnesse, euen hee had brought vnder his rule the whole Worlde: wee wyll heare hym wyllingly, for his death is a great ensample of Gods vengeaunce, vnto all them which

which thinke by their owne courage and abilitie, to compasse their desyres. Beholde quoth Inquisition, hee is euen heere, his body rent and torne dooth declare, that great was his mishappe. Speake then Syr Knight (quoth Memory) and let vs heare what you will saye: wherewith the sorrowfull Prince sayde as followeth.

(.·.)

The Complaint of Guidericus.

How Guidericus refused to paye tribute vnto Claudius Cæsar: howe hee subdued Galba, how hee became desyrous to winne all the worlde, spoyled France, Germany, and a great part of Italy: and lastly, how hee was miserably slayne in a tempest of thunder, euen at what time hee shoulde haue dealt with Cæsar. This Historie is a synguler ensample of Gods vengeance, against pride and arrogancy.

ON stayelesse top of Honours high renowne,
With busye brayne to builde a bower there,
Is donne to fall at Fortunes frowarde frowne,
Whose turning wheele, the hyest fyrst dooth reare,
And them below it vpwardes styl dooth reare.
Let them therefore for good estate that striue,
With sailes halfe hoyst, in happy Hauen arriue.

I prest to tell my suddayne yll successe,
Amidst the meane which dyd not dayne to dwell,
To higher state whilst I dyd mee addresse,
By chaunging chance of Fortunes force, I fel
Euen suddenly from Heauen to hatefull Hell,
From Heauen (I saye,) I fell from that my blysse,
To hatefull Hell, I meane, to wretchednesse.

Guidericus

Guidericus which rulde the Brittayne lande;
I am the same, of Simbaline the sonne,
Cassiuelane my Grandsyer, dyd withstand
Sir Cæsars force, tyll Parcæ had vndone
The fatal knot, and twist that they had sponne,
Euen then to soone the Romanes did oppresse
This Realme, which I to ryght, did me addresse.

Which that I myght the better bring about,
The three estates in Court to Parle I
In hast did call, amongst which Royal route,
As one who ment for welthe of commonty,
Howe to restore their ancient libertie,
Pronounst the speache which here I shal recite,
Which moued much there manly mindes to fight.

The Emperour of Rome hath sent you see,
Ambassatours, the tribute to obtayne,
Which Theomant subdued, did agree
To pay, But I such greement do disdayne.
Shal I to Rome a Tribute slaue remayne,
Because they did subdue this realme of Yore?
Shal we buy yoke with tribute euermore?

Shall we this badge of beastly blemishe beare?
Shal Troians we to Troians tribute yeelde?
Of Brutus bloude a Prince withouten peare,
We do descend, whose father fyrst dyd buylde
In Italy: he Alba longa fylde;
And furnishte fine, with princely byldinges braue,
He was entombde next good Aeneas graue.

Then Romulus of Siluius did succeede,
And Rome of hym (as London tooke of Lud)
Her name, which Alba Longa was in deede,
Built at the first by good king Brutus blood.
Dare they for Guerdon of so great a good,
Demaund of vs whose parentes Patrons were
To them? to doo this deede, they doo not feare.

Let them demaunde, vngrateful beastes they be,
Euen tribute of vs Troians let them craue,
But we in Mars his feeldes wyl pay their fee,
If needes they muſt of vs a payment haue,
They shal ryght stoutly then them selues behaue.
We wil not feare to fyght it out in feelde,
Without reuenge vre neuer al wyl yeelde.

Dyd Cæsars princely prowesse so preuayle,
That Britaynes were by Romanes brought to bay?
Was Cæsars valure of so great anayle,
That it coulde cause Cassiuelaynes decaye?
Why should not then Guidericus assay
By furious force of Mars his bloody feelde,
To make those roming Romanes al to yeelde?

By prowesse worne (who dooth not knowe) by tryal,
That he who once as Victor wore the wreath,
By chaunged chaunce is forst agaynst his wyl,
That garlande gay, and vitall lyfe to leaue?
Such ill mishappes misfortune still dooth heaue,
That he who dyd subdue but yesterday,
Is now subdude, and hath the lyke decaye.

Which

Which may appeare by Kyng Caſsiuelayne,
Whom Cæſar thryce in fyght dyd fynd too ſtrong,
Yet at the laſt,(the lewder chaunce was thine,
Thou litle Ile)he thruſt in with a throng
Of mightie men,and did thee double wrong.
Thee then ſubdude, to Rome he ſeruile made:
Which wrong to right,with this my bloudye blade,

If you my ſubiectes wyll thereto conſent,
I wil not ceaſe, tyll I reuenge haue ſeene,
And them deſtroyed with dreadful diery dent
Of wrathful warre: and therefore now I meane
To dyd the Race, and fetch them from their deme,
To ſende them woorde, We owe no tribute we,
But we of them muſt recompenced be.

I to the Gods which rule the rolling ſkyes,
Haue vowde a vowe,for countreyes lybertie,
To die in feelde,or els that theſe mine eyes
Shall ſee you free from forrayne tyranny,
To which no doubt theyr goodneſſe wil agree.
Nowe that you haue the whole of myne intent,
You knowe the cauſe why I for you haue ſent.

Al you therefore which compt this quarrell good,
By heaued handes let me them underſtand.
My brother Aruiragus by me ſtoode,
I muſt not I (he ſayde) holde vp my hande,
Nor thee herein aſſiſt with any hande.
For ſith we both haue ſworne aleagance due
To Rome,to Rome I euer wil be true.

No Feare of force, no hasarde, no mishappe,
Doth dant my mynde, I dare what dare be donne,
Though nowe we sit in Lady fortunes lappe:
By sayth defilde, no honour can be wonne,
The wrath of God men periurde can not shun.
Do thou therefore what best thy selfe doth seeme,
Giue them their right, for that is best I deeme.

Sith all but you (my brother) do consent,
My counsayle and my Commons do agree,
Yea, all the force of this my Realme is bent,
To liue and dye for countries libertie:
Take you therefore this sentence in bourgre,
Because thou seemst a seruile lyfe to loue,
The Towre a house is best for thy behoue.

An othe constrayned, is made to none auaile,
To breake such othe doth not the sayth defile:
Let them goe tel to Claudius this tale,
We meane with force to furnishe this our Ile,
Which force him selfe shal feele within a whyle.
For if he wyll not fetch his tribute here,
We then wyl goe and pay hym tribute there.

Which when the Roman Claudius had heard,
Though he at home had ciuile strife in hande,
And though he were by forrain foes debarde,
And could not come him selfe, yet he a bande
Of thirtie thousand sent, for to withstand
Their strength: which strength in the fyrst foughten feelde
They found so strong, that forst, they al did yeelde.

From

From Galba then my ſelfe his ſhield did get,
In golden feelde which had the horſe of fame,
Euen Pegaſus in ſeemely ſiluer ſet,
The curious ſkill of Heraultes there did frame
Thaſhcument true, of auncient Troy by name,
Imbordred braue with golden letters thus:
Senatus, Populuſque Romanus.

Wherewith as one prict foorth with good ſucceſſe,
A great attempt I quickly did deuiſe,
I ment O Rome, vpon thy walles to preſſe.
It eaſye ſeemde to me in my ſurmiſe,
To commpaſſe all that I did enterprize.
Me thought I could winne al the worlde in haſte,
But fyrſt I ment the Romane ſtate to waſte.

I did prepare in euery poynt my powre,
I ſayld the Seas, I ſpoyled them of France,
I made the Germans and the Lumbardes lowre.
Yea good ſucceſſe did ſo my ſtate aduance
In Italy, ſuch was my luckye chaunce,
I did ſubdue, my ſouldiers had the ſpoyle,
Of all the chiefeſt Cities in that ſoyle.

See here howe Roming Rumor ranne about,
See how repoyt did tel a truthleſſe tale:
For Hannibal the Carthage Duke ſo ſtout,
Remde, it ſayd, would once agayn aſſayle
The Roman ſtate, and cauſe it nowe to quake.
Which falſe Repoyt, did put them in ſuch feare:
Cities would yeelde, before my Campe came neare.

His former feates the fuming fancies fed,
That doutful now affrighted ſore with feare,
They tel howe at Triſemenus they ſped,
In Cannas feeldes how they deſpoyled were:
They hate to tel, they lothe that hap to heare.
A buſhel there he fyld (moſt true it is)
With golden Ringes Equeſtri ordinis.

And whilſt their mindes on theſe miſhaps do muſe,
They wiſhe that nowe good Graccus were not dead.
For Fabius, he who wyſely would refuſe
Forthwith to fight, they wiſh for ſuch a head.
Camillus nowe would ſtand them in great ſtead.
And ſome with ſighes did wiſhe for Scipio,
Them to defend from me there deadly foe.

But as the Lion paſſente once with feare
Gardante, a mouing mollhil did beholde,
From whence he thought ſome wonder would appeare:
A little Moule crepte from the mouing mould,
Which made the quaking Lion then ſo bolde,
Feare ſet a ſide, that he for his delyght,
Playd with the Moule, and kilde the ſtrengthleſſe wight.

So nowe the campe of Claudius did drawe neare,
Where he hym ſelf was Lord cheefe general,
Which greatly did delyght my hart to heare,
And cauſed me my Captaynes then to call,
To whome I ſayde, We two muſt ſtrive for al
The world ſo wide: which if I chance to winne,
Then you your ſelues haue ample part therein.

Euen

Euen whilſt I marcht my men in good aray,
A poſter poſt came prauncing in the fielde,
Who comming to my Cabbin, thus dyd ſay,
Guidericus, thy friendes at home be kilde,
Thy native ſoyle, to forrayne force did yielde,
The Romans they haue ſpoylde thee of eche thing,
Thy brother there Aruiragus is kyng.

Which newes although they dyd amaze me much,
Yet I whoſe hart did neuer faynt for feare,
Although ſayd I their good ſucceſſe be ſuch,
Yet if we can ſubdue the Romans here,
They ſhal I thinke buy Britayne very deare.
Which out of doubt yf you as you haue donne,
Will fight like men, the fielde wil ſoone be wonne.

But they who hilde their wiues and children deare,
Could not digeſt the loſſe of that their lande,
For which they fledde, left me their Chieftayne there.
When Claudius hoſt to fight was euen at hande,
Whoſe mightie force I could not then withſtande,
Yea all my page, my footmen fled for feare,
And left me poſt alone, with heauy cheare.

That cruell Queene of hel, Proſerpina,
From fourth whoſe loynes this Fury feare firſt fled,
Megeras ſighes, no no, nor Meduſa,
Who hath ten thouſand Snakes about her head,
The fiery flames of hell doth not ſo dreade
The minde, as feare, which makes mans hart we ſee,
To ſhake, and quake, like leafe of Aſpen tree.

My Martial knyghtes who once so valiant were,
That they the worlde, euen al the world would spoyle,
This fury fyerce, this feeble fayntyng feare,
Did causelesse cause them thus here to recoyle,
Her only force inforst me to this foyle,
Not Cæsars force: no strength of Roman power,
But feare, euen feare, dyd make me here to lower.

Which feare (for trueth) dyd neuer me dismaye,
But too too soone, my hartlesse men it made
To shrinke, to flinche, to flee eche man his way,
And me a pray most fit for Claudius blade,
They left alone: alas what may be sayde,
What may be done, what fittes for mine auayle?
I wyl not flee, to fight cannot preuayle.

What, must I then go crouche vnto my foe?
Fy on that fate, that I should sue for grace,
To hym who is the worker of my woe,
Whose hart from foorth his brest for to displace,
I gladly woulde ten thousand deathes imbrace.
My lyfe (in faith) doth lothe to liue with shame,
By death therfore, my lyfe shall purchase fame.

For as I once did winne with courage stout
In Galbas shielde, the praunsing Pegasus,
So with renowne I nowe will go about
To see if Claudius dare the cause discusse
With me alone, if courageous
Dare do that deed: that we in open feeld
My try the cast, then he or I must yeelde.

And

And therewithal in armour bright I clad
Myne arming swoorde, my Targate I did take,
And on my Helme, or Burgonet, I had
My royal crowne, and so I dyd forsake
The place, whereas my souldiers fled of late,
I marcht and met the scoute of Claudius,
To whom I dyd addresse my language thus:

The Britayne Kyng is come alone you see,
Conduct him then your Emprour to salute,
You for your paynes shal gayne a golden fee,
For why my grace to Claudius hath a suite.
The scurers they al silent mumme and mute,
Yet wel appayde of such a princely pray,
In hast they dyd to Cæsar me conuay.

With ten times twentie thousand men, I met
Him marching there, to meete with me but one:
To whom I sayde, thy powre is passing great,
My force is fled: what, must I then bemone
My selfe to thee: not so, but I alone
Am come to know with Magnanimitie,
If thou dost dare to wrecke thy wrath on me.

The crowne for which so many men be slayne,
Thy Galbas shield, with many iewels more,
Which vnto me do only appertayne:
For in the fielde I wonne them al of yore,
And vnto thee I wyl them not restore.
If thou, as I, canst winne them with renowme,
Then al is thine, both realme and royal crowne.

Why dooſt thou muſe as though thou were diſmayde?
Doeth doubtful dreade nowe daunt thy Roman mynde?
Faynt not for feare, thou needſt not be afrayde,
A Britayne borne thy ſelfe ryght well ſhalt fynde,
I am a man, and not a God by kinde.
Wherewith to grounde a golden gauntlet I
Dyd caſt, and he at laſt dyd thus reply:

Thou mighty Ioue which haſt thy ſeemely ſeat,
Aboue the ſphere of Mars and Mercury,
Thy fleſhleſſe eyes (my tongue can not repeate
What ſyghtes they ſee) nothing is hid from thee:
Thy eyes, the hart, and ſecrete thoughts doo ſee,
Thou knoweſt O Ioue, how iuſt my quarrel is,
Which here to proue, thou knowſt I compt a bliſſe

No God thou man: thou art no God in deede,
I faynt for feare: and dooſt thou thus me dare?
Thy gauntlet lo to take I doo not dreade,
Such courage though I fynde but very rare
In pryncely breſt: what though? I wil prepare
My ſelfe to feeloe, where thou I hope ſhalt fynde,
My ſelfe alone wyl cauſe thee curſe thy kynd.

To deale with thee I Cæſar might diſdayne,
My tryple Pace dooth rule the worlde you ſee,
Thou ſubiect art the meaneſt of the traine,
Whom conqueſt hath compeld to wayte on me:
A meaner knyght were meete to match with thee.
Yet I my ſelfe with al my hart doo dayne,
To reue thy life, and cauſe thee to complayne.

Then

Then I whose hart was al begiarde with gire,
To Cæsar sayd, If fate hath framde my foyle,
If now the last of all my lyfe I see,
It shal delight that Cæsar dyd me spoyle,
And that his blade did cause my bloudy byoyle.
And whilst I ment a longer speache to make,
A stoyme most straunge constrayned the earth to quake.

Straunge sundry sightes, then sodaynly wer seene,
The lightsome day was turnde to lothsome night,
Then darknesse did affraight me much with feare,
The seemly Sunne, did lose her louing lyght:
And that which would amaze eche worldly wight,
The thundring heauens constrayned the earth to quake,
The trees did daunce, the mighty mountes dyd shake.

Haue here myne end, from threatning thunder clap,
A burning bolt did pearce my hart with payne,
Wherwith I cryed, O Cæsar, my mishap
Is comne, for whilst I thought thee to haue slayne,
Ioues vengeaunce iust hath torne my corps in twayne.
This was my end, although some writers say,
That Claudius blade did cause my last decay.

To slip at first, such fall hath litle foyle,
Greate ruth it is to lose a race forerunne,
And at the end by slipping suttle soyle,
Wageles too lose a race too wel begonne,
The Turrets top let wise men wisely shunne.
Who falles from top, he mercilesse is slayne,
Who falles below, can quickly ryse agayne,

I tel

I tel this tale who knowledge bought too deare,
I could not be content with meane estate.
Let them therefore which shal this story heare,
So loue the meane, extremitie so hate,
That they may liue in blesse without debate.
Who is content amidst the meane to dwel,
With perfite blysse he onely dooth excell.

With royal rule you Kinges which runne your race,
Take heede, beware, flee fancies fonde delight,
Ambition blinde wyl moue you to imbrace
A thousande euils, disdayne with al your might,
Her luring lookes: she me a wretched wyght
Transformde, and made with Circes sorcerie,
A brutish beast, and worse if worse may be.

When Thanatos had thus destroyed my dayes,
Then due desert my soule to hel conuayde.
I fearde not God, his name I did not prayse,
But foolishe fate and fortune still me stayde:
For which, with pinching payne I nowe am payde.
Fortune I finde is nowe of none auayle,
But God is he whose power dooth preuayle.

IT was great pitie (quoth Memorie) vnto Inquisition, that thys man liued in the tyme of blinde ignorance, when neyther vertue, nor religion were knowē. Beleeue me, if he coulde haue conteyned him selfe within the limites of his owne Countrey, or if too much courage had not moued him to so great interpryses, surely euē he had restored the Britaines vnto their auncient libertie, & might haue liued long without paying any tribute. You haue said (quoth Inquisition,) he might haue had a very glorious day ouer the Romans, if he had not desired Rome. For whē Claudius Cæsar had him abroade, he did not presently incounter with Guidericus, as he supposed he woulde haue donne, but remembring how Scipio Africanus layd siege vnto Carthage, did draw Hannibal out of Italy, he imitating his grand Chieftayne and predecessor, fyrst brought Britayne vnto his obedience, then he inuaded Guidericus, with whom God being displeased, he was destroyed as you haue harde. After whom, the Britaines were greeuously oppressed by the Romans, and dayly inuaded by the Scots

and Pictes, whiche Lodrike their king brought out of Scithia, insomuch that at this time the Britaynes were compelled to sende vnto the Emperour Bassianus for aide: who sent vnto them the Roman Seuerus with a great power. And then how Carassus a Britayne, not Nobilis, but altogeather ignotus, did both redeeme his countrey from the Pictes and Romans, and also obteyned the crowne, and raygned eight yeares, thys story following shal declare: who although he felt the fall of his owne follie, yet surely his story is very profitable, chiefly for all such as doo sucker suspition to seduce them, as the diligent noting of the processe wyll declare.

The

The Complaint of Carassus.

¶ *Howe Carassus a Husbandmans* sonne, slewe Lodrike the King of the Pictes, and howe the Emperour made him a Captayne. Then howe he obtayned the Britayne Crowne, and howe suspition brought him to decay.

SIth men be borne by Nature naked all,
With their estates why are not men content?
Why doo they deeme the want of wealth a thrall?
Why shoulde they lothe the lot, which God hath sent?
Adam him selfe I finde, at fyrst was sent,
As one who dio disdaine his poore estate,
To disobay, with God to be a mate.

Thou maist be made a God, (quoth satan than,)
If on the fruite forbidden thou wilt feede:
The senseleste wight, the feeble forceleste man,
Did taste thereof, supposing that with speede
He shoulde in hast haue beene a God in deede.
He not content, hoping for hygher place,
Brought bitter bale to him and al his race.

And I the sonne of Adam by descent,
Dyd seeke to set my selfe in princely seate,
With mine estate I could not be content,
For which I felt the force of hatreds heat.
As at the first, my good successe was greate,
So at the last, by fansies fond desires,
I gropte for grapes amidst the bramble bires.

Let such as woulde by vertue them aduaunce,
Marke by what menes I did my selfe addresse,
To flye at first my poore allotted chaunce
By honest meanes: let them from wickednesse
Which fayne would flye, learne this by my distresse,
That he who doth from right and reason stray,
Destruction shall destroy him with decay.

For I by byrth borne next to beggers doore,
Was stayde aloft with staffe of high estate:
But whilste that I so hye a pitche did soore,
I left the meanes which made me ryse of late,
I vices loude, I did al vertues hate.
For which, Carassus tearme a race in vayne,
And nothing got, but death and deepe disdayne.

When ciuile strife had Bryttayne quite vndone,
So that her strength was now of none auayle,
The faythlesse Scots with ruth did ouerrunne
That royall realme: the Pictes did so preuayle,
That sorrow did on euery side assayle
My native soyle: and being thus dismayde,
To Rome we sent for succour, helpe, and ayde.

Senerus

Seuerus then by Baſſianus ſent,
To bring this realme vnto ſome quiet ſtay,
The Romans and the Brittaynes both were bent,
To bring the Scottes and Pictes to their decay,
Them to returne agayne to Scithya.
And at the laſt, by good Seuerus ayde,
We them deſtroyde, when we were moſt afrayde.

Whoſe force though twice the Romans felt to ſtrong,
Yet at the laſt, we got a goodly day
Euen by my meanes, who thruſt into the throng
Of Scots and Pictes, I deſperate ther dyd play
The part of hym, whom feare did neuer fray.
And at the laſt, to end this mortall ſtrife,
I did depriue king Lodrike of his life.

And when the Pictes did ſee their king depriude
Of vitall life, Lord, how they fled the fielde:
They made me muſe, to ſee how faſt they ſtriude,
With ſtayleſſe ſteppes, eche one his life to ſhielde:
Who could not flye, he there with care was kilde.
So by my meanes, my country did obtayne
Her auncient ſtate, and liberty agayne.

At my returne I to Seuerus ſayde,
See here how I with woundes am all beſtradde:
I cannot liue, I feele how lyfe doth fade,
Lodrike him ſelfe did carue and cut my head,
For which my blade his lukewarme blood hath ſhed.
He cut my cap, and I haue got his crowne,
He loſt his lyfe, and I haue found renowne.

Seuerus then vnto his Surgion sayde,
Heale hym, and bryng him safe and sound agayne,
Thou for thy paynes with poundes shalt wel be payd,
And he shall haue such honoure for his payne,
As vnto him for euer shal remayne.
For by the Gods which rule the skies aboue,
His noble actes deserue eternal loue.

When by the skill of Surgions curious arte,
My hurtes were healde, and holesome health enside,
Seuerus then reioycing at the harte,
Made me a Lorde, with wealth he me indude,
Yea, he although my learning were but rude,
Sens me to Rome, as Legate of this lande,
To make repoyte how here our state did stande.

My deedes at home, inricht me with renowme,
My talke abroade, with proper filed phrase,
Adoynde my head euen with a Laurell crowne.
The Emperour did much commend my wayes,
So that I was hedecke with double prayse.
I could not reade, my lerning was but weake.
Yet they of Rome did muse to heare me speake.

As learned Arte doth geue a goodly grace
To some: so some by natures giftes do get
Eternal fame, and purchase them a place
Aboue the place where learned men do sit.
We finde the fine dexteritye of wit
In them which be both wise and ful of skill:
Yet neuer striude to clime Pernassus hill.

So I with prayſe a time at Rome did ſtay,
And tracte of time returnde me barke agayne,
The Emperour, he gaue my ryght away
Within a while, which made me ſoyne amayne:
I had great cauſe me thought for to complayne,
Seuerus, he was made the king of all:
The giftes he gaue to me were very ſmall.

I was but made the Captayne of the coaſt,
From Foxrayne foyce to keepe my realme in reſt,
Seuerus, he was crowned king in poſt,
Which did ſo boyle within my warrelike breſt,
That I with griefe moſt ſtrangely was diſtreſt.
Shal he (ſayde I) thus reape the high renowne
Which I deſerue? Shal he inioy the Crowne?

I wonne the wreath, and he will weare the ſame:
I got the goale, and he will get the gayne.
For me in faith it were a deadly ſhame,
If I in this his regall royall raygne,
Without repulſe ſhould ſuffer him remaine.
Which if I do, then let the dreadfull darte
Of Vulcans wrath, torment in twayne my hart.

For why, I ſee what ſeruile ſeruitude
Shall then inſue, if he inioy his reigne in reſt:
Shall Bryttayn haue by Romanes be ſubdued?
It ſhal no doubte, by Romans be diſtreſt,
Except my might againſt his might be preſt.
My might as yet cannot his ſtrength conſtraine,
Yet may my might compell him to complaine.

The

The drainyng droppes doo make the Marble yeeld
In time: the seas the cragged rockes do rende:
And Courtly Kinges by tearing time be kilde.
For time dooth make the mightie Okes to bende,
And time dooth make the litle twigges ascende:
So I in time, such power may prepare,
As shal constraine Seuerus death, with care.

But whylst I did indeuour to destroy
Seuerus strength, the Pictes were prickte with pride,
For theyr reuenge vs Britaynes to annoy.
Which when I hard, in post I did prouide
A power great, then I in hast did ride,
And kept the Coast so strong with men of warre,
That no man coulde ariue, to make or marre.

The poore Pictes preuented of their pray,
In waltering waues did house their bitter bayne,
They digde a diche, and caught theyr owne decay,
On rockes theyr Barkes, in seas them selues were slaine.
The Westerne windes with wo did them constrayne,
By Britayne bankes to make so long delaye,
I, and the Seas, brought them to their decay.

By meanes whereof my credite did increase:
Seuerus did esteeme me as his stay,
I from my fyrst deuises coulde not cease,
For aye I hopte to haue a happy day,
To bring the Roman rule to their decay,
With fauning face good fortune smyled so,
I had my wythe, what might I hope for mo?

For

For into Spayne the Roman ſouldiours ſent,
I had at home the might him to deſtruct,
Then wiſely I al perilles to preuent,
Prouided ſo that no man could ariue,
No Picte, nor Scot, nor Roman then could ſtriue
With me at home, then I the Lordes with ſpeede
Of Brirttayne calde, and thus I did proceede:

The Roman rule vs ſubiect ſlaues hath made,
You ſe my Lordes, a Roman heere doth raigne,
Which home to deſtroy my power ſhal inuade,
I do in deede this ſeruile life diſdayne:
And you your ſelues do much therof complayne.
If you with helpe wyl me aſſiſte, I ſweare,
The Roman rule ſhal haue no power here.

Then they moſt glad with one conſent replide,
We wyl aſſiſt thee with what myght we may,
And we our ſelues moſt wylling wyl prouide,
No Britayne borne againſt thee ſhal diſplay
His ſhielde, but al at the appoynted day,
As preſt to pleaſe thy helde, ſhal thee aſſiſt:
Winne thou the Crowne, and weare it at thy liſt.

Which when I hard them ſay with one conſent,
Blame not though pride did then poſſeſſe my hart
For Princely Crowne the dreadfull dierie dent
Of wrakful warre, who would not feele the ſmart
Of griping greſe: who would not feele the dart
Of dreadful death: or who regardeth payne?
If he a Crowne and kingdome may obtayne?

For gunnehole grotes the countrie Clowne doth care,
Restlesse with ruth, the Rusticke gets his gayne:
The Marchant man for welth doth send his ware
About the worlde, with perill and great payne.
And all the worlde for welth doth not disdayne,
Amidst the surge of mighty mounting Seas,
To caste them selues, their owne delightes to please.

If to obtayne such trifles they do toyle,
And neuer ceasse to bring there dristes about:
Why should I feare the force of forrayne foyle?
Why should I not assay with courage stout,
To wreake my wrath vppon the Romishe route
Which heere remayne: whome to the bale to bringe,
Were me to crowne my natiue countries Ring.

One thinge there is which greatly doth me grieue,
Seuerus, he who did inhance my state,
He did in my distresse with life relieue
My dyinge dayes, he neuer did me hate:
Yet now with hym I must be at debate.
Euen hym with myght I greatly must disgrace,
Care I can set my selfe in princely place.

Untimely death shall not destroy his dayes:
For if he wyl returne to Rome agayne,
Or if he wil resigne his crowne with prayse,
Or if hee wyl amongst vs styl remayne.
If he can like of these, we wyl refrayne
From sheading blonde: which if he dothe disdayne,
I then against my wyl, must woorke his paine.

So foorth I paſt with al my power preſt,
Seuerus did at Durham then delay,
Whereas I mente his ſtate to haue diſtreſt:
But ſome I thinke my ſecretes did bewray,
For he to Yorke in haſt did take his way.
Which when I had beſiegde on euery ſide,
with care and griefe of minde, Seuerus dide.

Se heere the force of cruel fretting care:
Se heere how ſorowe doth diſmay the minde?
For when he harde Caraſſus did prepare
To reue his crowne, he iudging me vnkinde,
With ſobbing ſighes of ſorrowe, he reſignde
Before his time his minde from manly breſte:
Beholde with care how ſorowe reaues mans reſt.

Thus he intombde in his vntimely Cheſt,
It was decreed Caraſſus ſhoulde be King,
The three eſtates of al my Realme were preſt,
With one conſent they al to me did bring
The kingly crowne, then thus they al did ſinge,
The due deſertes of this renowmed wyghe,
Deſerues to be the Britayne king by righte.

Marke by what ſteppes I dyd the toppe obtayne,
With keeping ſheepe my youthful yeares were ſpent:
Then with the whyp I plide the Plowe amayne,
In Mars his feeldes to fighte my minde was bent.
As Legate then to Rome my ſelfe was ſente,
I dubbed was a Lorde, of high renowme,
And now at laſte, I haue obtaynd the Crowne.

The ende, the acte (the Plaudite) dooth proue,
And all is well, whose endyng is not yll:
Who sittes aloft had neuer neede to moue,
For feare least he shoulde fall agaynst his wyll.
Though creepyng he dyd gayne the toppe with skil,
Yet at the last, by turning of his toe,
A suddayne fall may worke his wretched woe.

Which fall I felt, and how: I here wyll showe:
When I as King dyd all the Realme comaunde,
I fearefull dyd suspect mine ouerthrow,
The place (mee thought) dyd shake where I dyd stande.
Then for my garde I dyd prouide a bande
Of warlyke wights, to garde my Noble grace,
I lastly dyd my Noble men displace.

From foorth the Feeldes I for my Father sent,
Hym of a Clowne a Noble man I made:
My Brethren all euen for the same intent,
Lyke Courtiers there in Court with me they stayde,
And all my stock were glad and well apayde:
For they of late which rulde the paynefull plow,
Of Brittayne Lande they bee the Rulers now.

From Cart to Court, a Countrye man to call,
With braue attyre to decke a dunghyll Dycke,
Is lyke a paynted Image in a wall,
Which dooth deceiue, and seemeth to bee quicke,
Though woorkmanship most trimly dooth it tricke,
Yet of a stone, a stone wyll still remayne:
A Clowne cannot from Clownish deedes refrayne.

As

As hard it is of quarryed Marble stone,
For man to make a liuely mouing wyght,
As of a Lout, or els of such a one
Who dayly doth imploy his whole delyght
To digge and delue, it passeth mortal myght,
To make him serue in Courte a kinges behest:
Turne hym to plowe, the Cart for him is best.

For though thou canst by cunninge art compell
Nature a tyme to leaue her wonted place,
She wyl returne, in spight of heauen or hell:
No Alcumist Dame Nature can displace,
Except that God doth geue abundant grace.
The Caske wyl haue a taste for euermore,
With that wherewith it seasoned was before.

Why did I then my courtlesse court mayntayne
With Hob and Ihon, Rafe Royster, and his mate?
Whose gree dy iawes aye gaping after gayne,
Did polle, and pil, and bred bitter debate:
Men much vnmeete to mayntayne myne estate.
Why did I them so neare myne elbowe place?
Because my selfe by byrth was borne but bace.

Like wyl to lyke, the Mule doth claw her mate,
With horned beastes the Ienite cannot iest,
Those bauling Houndes, the haughty Harte doth hate,
With Beares the Beare in safety countes her best.
So I amongst my lyke did looke for rest,
Their dedes by me were alwayes wel alowde,
By them likewyse my doinges were avowd.

But as you see the Husbandman with care
From new sowne fieldes the rauening Rookes to driue,
So dyd the Gentrie of my Realme prepare,
My Countrie Courte and mee for to deprriue.
But Gentlemen were then to weake to striue
With mee, and mine, for which they dyd prepare
A new founde snarbe, which dyd my feete insnare.

In surgelesse Seas of quiet rest when I
Seauen yeares had sayld, a perrye did arise,
The blastes whereof abrigde my liberty:
For whilste I dyd with busye brayne deuise
Them to destroy, which did my Courte despise,
The boystrous blastes of hatred blewe a gale,
My Cables crakte, my Barke was bongd with bale.

For they (I meane the Gentrie of my Lande)
Both mee, and mine, theirs, and themselues had sold
Subiects to Rome, from whence a mighty bande
They had conuaide, to make my courage cold:
Into my Realme they could not be controlde,
But when they were ariude, they quickly brought
Both me and mine, and all the rest, to nought.

Alectus then the Chiefetayne of the rest,
Spoyling my friendes, he forst me to the feelde,
The daye was come, we both in fight were prest.
His trustlesse trayne, did seeme to me to yeelde,
But al the feeldes with great ambushmentes filde,
I coulde not flee, Alectus had the day,
With his owne sworde for breath he made me bray.

As

As due deſert did force my ſhippe to flote,
So vices vile me drenche in waues of woes.
O falſe ſuſpect, why didſt thou make me dote?
Fearing my fall, my friends I deemd my foes:
Fearing the worſt, the beſt I did depoſe,
And was depoſde: let other learne heereby,
The crooked Crabbe wyl alwayes walke awry.

And let them know which do not lothe to learne,
That kinges in Court, be combred moſt with care.
The Pilotes charge, who ſitteth at the ſtearne,
Doth make him watche, when other do prepare
Them ſelues to ſleep: ſo kinges diſtreſſed are
With doutful dread, and many other thinges:
The ſheepheardes life is better then the kinges.

The

The Induction.

CArassus hauing thus finished his Tragicall History, Inquisition presented vnto Memory the Lady Hellina. But Memorye hauing her at the fyrst sight in great admiration, sayde as followeth: Why haue you brought before vs the Goddesse Diana? Our intent is to heare the complayntes of them who are smothered with Forgetfulnesse: as for this Goddesse, she is renowmed more then sufficient. O Memory (quoth Inquisition) this is not Diana: no Diana, no Gouzaga, no Emila, no Cariclia, no Pallas, no Iuno, no, not knowing Minerua, may compare with her, for the flourishing feature of her incomprehensible complexion, for the comly composition of her Ladilike limmes, being the perfectest peece of woorke that euer Nature created, that euer earth nourysshed, or that euer death destroyed, for the passing great dexteritie of her ingenious Capacitie, the very Phenix of women, and ye chiefest amõgst men, that euer thou Memory didst celebrate, for learning, for knowledge of Tongs, & for the diuers gifts of the mind

thee

shee only dyd inhabite betwixt the wings of flitting Faine, for a happye, long quiet lyfe in this worlde, she onely was fauoured by Fortune, or rather singularly preserued by her maker. For that shee never tasted in all her raigne, any aduersytie, shee is to bee esteemed immortall: for that in all her actions shee had her hartes delyre, shee may iustly bee esteemed a Goddesse (or rather the very beloued of God. Now I report me vnto you, is there any Goddesse, or Nimph inhabiting the Mount Helicon, which maye compare with Queene Hellina, not shee of Greece, which brought finall destruction vnto the flourishing Troy, but shee of Brittayne, who redeemed her decaying Country from forraine tyrannye, which made not onely a menes for the bodyes of her subiects, to liue in quiet peace: but she also prescribed vnto thē an order, how they might saue their soules. She planted religion amongst her subiects, which were at that time sauage, neither knowing God, nor esteeming godlynesse, she was Daughter vnto King Coell: shee was Queene of Bryttayne, Empresse of the worlde, Wyfe vnto Constantius: Mother to Constantine the Great. Yet the descriptions of time, I meane the Chronicles, haue lefte so litle reporte of her, that I founde her standyng betwixte Forgetfulnesse and Memory, almost smothered with Obliuion.

thee bee so renowmed as you haue spoken of (sayde Memory) we shoulde doo her great wrong to deny her a place in this Pageant, Speake therefore good Madame Hellina with good leaue your minde, and as other by their falles doo set downe examples very necessary for the auoyding of vice, so let your history bee a meanes to incourage all men to imbrace vertue. Then the good Queene although somewhat abashed, yet glad to repeat her lyfe forerunne, sayde as followeth.

(.)

The Lyfe of Queene *Hellina.*

How Queene Hellina was Em-
preſſe of all the Worlde. This Sto-
rie dooth declare how happye they
bee, which liue in the feare and loue
of God.

MEns due deſertes ech Reader may recite,
For men of men doo make a goodly ſhow,
But womens worꝛkes can neuer come to light,
No moꝛtall man their famous factes may knowe
No wꝛiter wyll a litle time beſtowe,
The worthy worꝛkes of women to repeate,
Though their renowme and due deſerts be great.

For I by byrth to Coel Daughter deare,
King Lucy was my good Grandmothers ſonne,
My Father dead, I rulde his kyngdome heere,
And afterwarde, the Moꝛlde ſo wide I wonne.
I Empreſſe was of all vnder the Sunne,
I liued long, I dyde with perfect bliſſe,
Yet wꝛiters will repeate no worde of this.

But now at last I haue obtayned leaue,
My spotlesse life to paynt in perfect white:
Though writers would al honour from me reaue,
Of al renowme they would deprriue me quite,
Yet true report my deedes shal burnishe bright,
And rubbe the rust which did me much disgrace,
And set my name in her deserued place.

From Roman rule who Brittayne did redeme?
Who planted first Gods woorde in Brittayne land?
Who did so much virginitie esteme?
Who did the force of forrayne foes withstand?
Who al the world subdude without a band
Of Martial men? who did these noble actes?
I Hellina, haue done these famous factes.

And now haue here the stoppe of my state:
The Brittayne Queene inheritage me crowned,
Euen then when Romans had so great debate
Amongst them selues for Caracallas woundes,
An Emperour, who highly was renowmde
As then at Rome, whose death vndoutedly,
Diminishte much the Roman Emperie.

The Romans then were stoyde with ciuille strife,
And many Realmes against them did rebell,
There trouble turnd me to a quiet life,
My common weale did prosper passing well,
When al the worlde agreed like Deuils in hel,
Then I and myne becalmde from hatreds blast:
In happy hauen we harboured were at last.

Then

Then I a mayd of tender youthful yeares,
Reporte did say, of beutie fresh and fayre,
Refuse the sute of many noble Peeres,
Which dayly did vnto my court repayre.
What though there were vnto my Crowne no heyre:
Yet I who did regard my Comons good,
Refuse to linke my selfe with forrayne blood.

On forrayne Costes, on Kingdomes to incroche,
With wrath of wrackful warres I did despise,
And fearing aye the ruth of rude reproche,
With carking care I dayly did deuise,
How I with peace myght make my kingdome rise,
And how by lawe of God and man, I might
Giue Cæsar his, and vnto God his right.

No God of heauen, no Christ my people knewe:
Wherefore to Rome for learned men I sent,
Kinge Lucies lawes decayde I did renewe,
Then preaching made my people so repent
There former faultes, that all incontinent
Were baptized, and they within a space,
The fayth of Christ so firmly did imbrace,

That nothing seemed currant in their sight,
But that which holye writers would alowe:
And that they would imbrace with all their might,
To shed their blood, the same for to avowe.
They did not feare, at Verolane euen nowe,
Amidst the force of fiery flashing flame.
Albon the Protomartyr proude the same.

As careful marchaunt men do much reioyce,
When from those Iles Molocchi, they haue brought
There frayghted shippes, for then they haue great choyce
Of Marchandize, which trafficke long hath sought
To finde the ware which trial true hath taught
Wyl get more gayne, which being got, they giue
And cast there care, how they thereby may liue:

So I, whom both Sir Neptunes surging Seas,
And Eoles windes, euen God him selfe aboue
Did fauoure much, my labouring minde to please,
Geuing those thinges were best for my behoue,
Gods woorde I mene, which al my men did loue.
The Pearles which Christ commaunded to be bought,
Muste here be found, and no where els be sought.

Then they and I made haste, post haste, to leade
Our sinful liues as Scripture did alowe.
We knowing God, him loude with feare and dread,
Deuotion made vs crouche, and creepe, and bowe
Our hartes, our heades, we sauage were but nowe,
Yet by and by such was the good successe,
In fiery flames the truth we did professe.

Then flittinge Fame the truth to testifie,
Against my wyl, at Rome made such reporte,
That Constantinus thence dyd hether hye,
And being come vnto my Brittayne Court,
With louers lookes hee striude to scale the Fort
Of my good wyll: but when it woulde not bee,
He sighing, thus addrest his talk to mee:

O Queene quoth he, thy deedes deserue great fame,
The goodly giftes that God hath geuen to thee
Be such, as I can not thee greatly blame,
Though thou without desert disdaynest me,
Who for thy sake doth loche al cruelte.
But for thy loue, with Mars his cruel knife,
I could commaund thy Realme, and reaue thy life.

But (out alas) whilst breath doth lend me life,
My hart shal hate to thrall thy happy state,
What though thou dost refuse to be my wyfe,
Thy hatred tho, shal neuer cause me hate:
But whylste I liue, I wyl thee loue, let Fate
And Fortune fell poure on me al their spight,
To die for thee shal greatly me delight.

Then I replide, O Duke, without desert
Thou doste me loue a little Ilandes Queene,
I know thou to the Emperour beyre art,
Thy valiaunt actes I diuers wayes haue seene,
I like thy deedes, most noble which haue bene,
And thee I loue: yet priuate pleasures lucke
May neuer make me throwe my Realme to ruine,

If thou (quothe he) wylte dayne my Queene to be,
Thy Bryttaynes shal to Rome no tribute yeilde,
You if you please, to Rome may go with me,
Your myghtie mate the world so wide may wielde,
Or if you please, I here wyth you wyl byide
My byding place, and in this litteli lande,
I wyl remayne yours, at your commaund.

His

His comely corps, his friendly promise plight,
His famous actes, his Noble royall race,
Some other thinges which here I could recite,
The Romans hart within my brest dyd place.
And when my wit had waied well the case,
Then for the chiefe of all my Realme I sent,
And thus I spake to know the whole intent.

My louing Lordes, and you my subiects, see
This Roman heyre, whom I indeede do loue,
He will restore your ancient lybertie,
If I wyll bende my best to his behoue:
Which benifites they chiefely do mee moue,
To loue at last, a man by whom you may,
Receaue a Shielde to keepe you from decay.

Perhaps you think I loue, because I see
His comely corps, and seemely sanguine face.
You be deceaude, no outward brauery,
No personage, no gallant courtly grace.
What though hee bee by birth of Royall race?
I recke it not, but this I do regarde,
My common weale by him may bee preserude.

For if hee wyll from tribute set you free,
And ende the worke which I haue well begonne,
That Christes Gospell preached styll may bee,
God may by hym sende vnto me a sonne,
To you a King: what wealth then haue you wonne?
What great renowme? what honour wyll insue?
Speake you your mindes, these thinges me think, be true.

O Queene quoth they, the Lorde preserue thy grace:
Do thou the thinge that semes to thee the best,
We do alowe the matche in euery case:
If by that meanes we may haue quiet rest,
With what great good shal this our Realme be blest:
Do thou therefore O noble Queeene, we pray,
The thing which best may keepe vs from decay.

The Roman Duke he nothing would denye,
But graunted more then I could aske or craue,
So that there was proclaymed by and by,
A famous feast, a banquet passing braue.
There to the Duke the Britayne Crowne I gaue,
With sacred spousall ryghtes, as man and wyfe
We wedded, liude in loue, for terme of lyfe.

And whylste we ment to rule this little Ile,
A greater good vnlooked for befel,
Death did destroy his Syre with hateful hande:
For which we both at Rome must nowe go dwel,
And so we did: thinges prospered passyng wel,
My Feere was made the Emperour Lorde and King
Of al: and I the Queene of euery thing.

His myghtie Pace did rule the Monarchie,
My wyt did rule (some wryters say) his Pace,
And to increase with ioye our merye glye,
I brought him forth a babe of Royal race,
The boy he had an amiable face.
O Rome thou maiste reioyce, for this was he,
Which did at Rome erect Diuinitie.

Whilste thus in bleſſe I did at Rome remayne,
On Britaine ſtil my mind her care did caſt,
For which I cauſde my huſband to ordayne,
That euermore thoſe ancient Lawes ſhould laſt,
Which heretofore amongſt them there I paſt,
And that to Rome no Brittayne borne, for aye,
Should taxe, or toll, or tenth, or tribute pay.

Though there at Rome an Empreſſe life I led,
And had at hand what I could wiſhe or craue,
Yet ſtil me thought I was not wel beſtead,
Becauſe I was ſo farre from Brittayne braue.
Which when my louing Lorde did once perceiue,
He ſet a ſtay in al the Emperye,
To Brittayne then he did returne with me.

We raygnde of yeares thrice ſeuen with good ſucceſſe,
Then Dolor and Debilitie did driue
My louing Lord with faynting feebleneſſe,
For vitall life with draying breath to ſtriue:
He felt, howe death of life would him depriue,
He calde his Lordes, his childe, and me his wife,
And thus he ſpake, euen as he left his life:

The haughtye Pynes of loftye Libanus,
From earth, to earth, in tracte of time returne:
So I whoſe ſpreading prayſe were marueilous,
Muſt now returne my fleſhe to filthy ſlime,
On Fortunes wheele I may no longer clime.
Therefore my Lordes, although my glaſſe be runne,
Yet take remorſe on Conſtantine my ſonne.

My

My Monarche, Court, my Kingdomes all,
(O ſtately Rome) farewell to them, and thee,
Farewell my Lordes, which ſee my finall fall,
Farewell my Childe, my Wyfe, more deare to mee
Then all the world, we muſt depart I ſee:
And muſt we needes depart: O Fortune fye,
We muſt depart, adue, farewell, I dye.

Wherewith he ſighte and ſenſleſſe dyd remayne,
Then I his death as women doo, dyd wayle:
But when I viewd, that weeping was but vayne,
I was content to beare that bitter bale,
As one who founde no meanes for her auayle.
His corps at Yorke in Princely Tombe I layde.
When Funerall ſacred ſolemne rights were payde,

And when report his death about had blowne,
Maxentius then the triple Crowne to weare,
Dyd challenge all the Empire as his owne,
And for a time that mighty Mace dyd beare:
Which when my Sonne, my Conſtantine dyd heare,
The youthfull Lad, indeuourd by and by,
To Claime his right by Mars his crueltie.

I then his tender youthfull yeares to guyde,
Went with my ſonne to ſee his good ſucceſſe,
He being Campt by fruitfull Tybers ſide,
To ſpoyle his foe he dyd hymſelfe addreſſe,
Hee knew that God dyd geue all happineſſe.
Therefore to God, euen then the Youth dyd pray,
With mighty hande to keepe hym from decay.

Beholde how God doth godly men defend,
And marke how he doth beate Vsurpers downe.
Maxentius nowe he al his force doth bende,
For to defend his Diademe and Crowne.
But frowarde Fate vpon the Prince did frowne:
For why his men were scattered euery where,
In Tyber he did drowne himselfe for feare.

To Rome then we and all our host did hie,
The Romans they with ioy did vs receiue,
To Constantine they gaue the Emperie,
But he of them most earnestly did craue,
That I the rule of al the worlde myght haue,
It is (quoth he) my mothers ryght to rayne.
Til dreadful death hath shred her twyst in twayne.

I graunt my sonne, the Monarchie is myne,
For at his death thy father gaue it me
For terme of life: but let it nowe be thine,
I aged must goe pay the earth her fee,
I am content to liue with lesse degree.
O louing sonne geue eare vnto my best,
I wyl not rule, that charge for thee is best.

And when he myght not rule his mothers minde,
Agaynst his wyll he wylling did assent.
That al should be as I had then assignde,
To rule the worlde, he greued was content.
And whilste that there my happie dayes I spent,
Reioycing much to see my sonnes successe,
I dyde, and had a heauenly happinesse.

Thrice

Thrice happye I who ranne this Royal race,
And in the ende my wished Goale did get:
For by my meanes al people did imbrace
The fayth of Christ, the orders I did set
They were obayd, with ioy which made me iet.
Euen in this bleſſe a better bleſſe befel,
I dyde, and nowe my ſoule in heauen doth dwel.

So now you ſee the happye hap I had,
Learne then thereby to do as I haue done,
To prayſe gods name let euery Prince be glad,
To perſecute the truth let al men ſhunne,
By vertuous wayes great honor maye be wonne.
But he who doth to vices vile incline,
May be compарde vnto a filthie ſwine.

Who doth not loue the playne nor pleaſant way,
He can not feare to ſleepe amidſt the greene,
But, in the mire he doth delyght to lay:
So Princes ſuch as vile and vicious beene,
Do tumble aye amidſt a ſinke of ſinne,
Whoſe names on earth, whoſe ſoules in hel remayne
In infamye, the other pincht with payne.

Let them that ſeeke for euerlaſting fame,
Tread in the ſteppes that I before haue trod,
And he who would avoyd reprochful ſhame,
And flee the ſmart of Plutoes ruthful rod,
Let him not ceaſe to learne the law of God,
Which onely lawe mans ſtumbling ſteppes doth guyde
Who walkes therein, his feete can neuer ſlide.

Beholde (quoth Memorye) the effect of vertue and godlynesse. If the contentatiō of the mind be perfecte happinesse, as some Philosophers haue defynde it, then no doubt this Queene was most happy, and happy is hee who can imitate her in her happynesse. But not long time after her, there lyued a King named Vortiger, who for his vice was as diuerslye afflicted, as this Woman for her vertue was blessed. I doo remember the wickednesse of this man was exceeding great. Haue you founde hym out Inquisition? is not this he (good Memory) quoth Inquisition? I founde hym both sisting, and sighing, amongst the miserable, and it would appeare that hee is ashamed to make rehearsall of thinges past. It is euen he (quoth Memorie) you may know him by his fyry lookes, for though it be long since hee liued, yet he beareth about with hym the badge of his destruction. Note you his story with dilygēce

(good

(good Inquisition,) for this is hee who subuerted the common weale of Brittayne. And you Sir Prince, I doo coniure you, by the duty you owe vnto mee, who doo know all thinges: that you doo heere repeate vnto vs the whole Story of your estate. Wherewith, he with smoking sighes, greatly against his wyl, saide as followeth.

(.˙.)

The

The Complaynt of Vortiger.

¶ *How Vortiger destroyed the young* kyng Constantine, and howe he obteyned the Crowne: howe the abusyng of his prosperitie brought hys Realme so lowe, that he was constrayned to hyre souldyers to defend hym selfe from hys enimyes, and howe after many miseries, he was miserably burnt in his Castle, by the brethren of Constantine.

By quiet peace of Ianus ioylitie,
Their happy hauens with forewinds forst some haue,
By wackful warres of Mars his crueltie,
With much adoo some get the Goale they crane,
By subtyl sleightes and fetches boulstred braue,
My hapelesse hand dyd hyt with leueled lyne,
The aymed marke, the more mishap was myne.

By gyftes of grace some men haue happy hap,
By blessed byrth to Kyngdomes borne some be:
Succession sets some men in Fortunes lap,
By wisedome, wyt, and prudent policie,
Some clyme aloft by trustlesse treacherie:
And courage dooth a multitude aduaunce,
Dyftes finely fylde they dyd my state inhaunce.

I Vortiger

I Vortiger by byrth was borne a Lorde,
Kyng Constantine his Coosin did me call,
I crive amayne, and clapt his crowne a borde,
And for a tyme til Fortune forst my fall,
With restlesse blesse I sate in stately stall:
But men of warre of much more might then I,
For my desert my carefull corpes did fry.

As furious force of fiery flashing flame,
With Cinders brought my body to decay,
So smulderyng smokes of euerlasting shame
Reude my renowme, and wipte my fame away.
What may I more of my misfortune say?
I sigh to see, I silent ceasse to tell
What me destroide, and drowned my soule in hel.

Here to repeate the partes that I haue playd,
Were to vnclippe a trusse of trumpery,
For me to shew how I aloft was frayde,
Were to erect a schoole of Trechery:
Silence is best, let no man learne by me
Nor by my meanes, how they by wicked waies,
From low estate, aloft them selues may rayse.

As good men can by wicked workes beware,
So wicked men by wicked workes be wise,
If ill men reade my deedes which wicked were,
They by my meanes will compasse their surmise:
For wicked workers dayly do deuise,
To make examples vile and vicious,
To stand in stead, to serue their lawlesse lust.

The Serpent thence his venym vile dooth drawe,
From whence the Bee her honny sweete dooth get,
Leawd liuers learne to breake the written lawe,
By that, whereby good men doo learne much wit.
For wicked men eche fetche is thought most fyt,
To serue their turne: therefore I compt it best,
To leaue my faultes and follyes vnconfest.

Geue leaue therefore good Memory, I may
Not here repeate my tedious Tragedy,
Inquiry, let me nowe departe away.
My common weale subuerted was by me,
I leawdly liude, and dyde in misery,
And for my faultes I felt disdayneful smarte,
Let this suffice, and let me nowe departe.

With that he seemde as on that would away,
But Memory (stay stay thy steppes quoth she)
Let wicked men procure their owne decay,
We recke it not, if warned once they be.
Let that suffice, and let thy misery
Make iust report, how payne, and vile a thing
It is, to liue as a vsurping King.

Sith needes I must repented faultes forerunne
Repeat, and tel the fal and foyle I felt,
Patience perforce, to speake shame bids me shunne,
To thinke thereof dooth make my harte to melte.
But sith I needes must shewe howe here I delt,
I am contente to tell the truth of al,
Let wise men learne to stande, which reade my fal.

For

For firſt I cauſde the young king Conſtantine,
Of faythleſſe Scots and Pictes to make his garde,
They by my meanes did kil their kyng in fine,
For which, with ſpeede I ſent them al to warde,
And hangde them al, their cauſe was neuer harde,
So I who fyrſt did cauſe them kil their king,
To ſtop their mouthes, them al to death did bring.

Where Rancor rules, where hatreds heate is hot,
The burteleſie men with trouble be turmoylde:
Where Malice may ſend foorth her Cannon ſhot,
There might is right, there reaſons rules are foylde.
For ruthful Rancor euermore hath boylde
With griping griefe: her ſmuldring ſmokes of ſpite,
Would gladly choke al iuſtice, lawe, and right.

So might, not right, did thruſt me to the Throne,
I ſyxteene yeeres did weare the royal Crowne,
In al which time with griefe I aye did grone,
As on who felt the fal from high renowne.
My Noble men deuiſde to thruſt me downe
In al this time, and many did proteſt,
I layde the king in his vncimely Cheſt.

At laſt, my foes my friendes were made, and I
Had quiet peace, and liude a happy king:
Yea, God who rules the haughtie heauen a hygh,
Inricht my realme with foyſen of eche thing,
Aboundant ſtore did make my people ſyng,
As they of yore were preſt with penury:
So nowe they hate their great fertilitie.

My people had of Corne and Oyle such store,
That Countrey men of tyllage left the toyle,
The riche man fed no better then the poore,
For all did reape the fatnesse of the soyle,
No man for meate nor mony then did toyle,
But al reioyce with ioyfull Iubily,
And al were sould with sinfull Gluttony.

As clowdes dissolude fayre Phebus dooth deface,
So plague my plenty dimd with darke disease:
For whilste my realms in ryot ran her race,
They playde, not prayed, and did their God displease.
For which they drowned in sorrowes surging seas,
Lyke rotten sheepe by thousands dide so thicke,
The deade coulde not be buried by the quicke.

When thus the plague my people did oppresse,
That fewe were left alyue within my lande,
The Scots and Pictes, with speede they them addrest,
Knowing their time, they rayse a mightie bande,
They knewe right soone, howe bare my state did stande.
And to reuenge the wrong that earst I wrought,
They ment to bring both me and myne to nought.

See howe abuse breedes blake and bitter bale,
Abuse dooth make of plenty, lothsome lacke,
Amidst his blesse with woe it makes man wale,
Onely abuse dooth woorke mans wretched wracke:
Amidst my ioyes, from ioye it beate me backe.
For I and myne misusde our present blesse,
Which brought both me and mine to wretchednesse.

We

We firſt miſuſde our preſent pleaſaunt plentie,
For which we whipt in thrall with ſcourges three,
Had Peſtilence, which made my kingdome emptie,
It did deſtroy my men of eche degree,
Then fayntyng Famine playde her Tragedy,
Bellona then that beaſtly bloody Queene,
Did blowe her Trumpe to daſhe my courage cleene.

When ſickeneſſe had conſumde my ſubiectes quite,
The Pictes with pride did haſt to ſpoyle my lande,
I had no men, nor meanes with them to fight,
For which I ſent and did obtayne a bande
Of Saxons, ſuch as did the Scots withſtande.
Whoſe helpe that I when neede requirde might haue,
I gaue them Kent, a countrey paſſing braue.

Theſe Saxons were a crewe of warrelike wightes,
They liude by ſpoyle, and had no byding place,
They were of truth a troupe of Martial knyghtes,
Which ſerude for pay where Mars extolde his Mace.
Saxons in deede they were of royal race,
They Angli hight, a ſtocke of woorthy fame,
Of them this realme of Englande tooke her name.

Theſe Angli brought the Britaynes to the bay,
The Welchemen cald, to Wales they did vs dryue,
They brought fyre ſortes of Saxons to decay,
And got the Goale for which they long did ſtriue.
Of other ſtockes they left not one alyue,
They al this realme did plant with Angli then,
And termde themſelues of Angli, Engliſhmen.

But howe they brought this enterprise about,
Marke well the sequel which I shal recite:
Hengestus he the Chiefetayne of the route,
A suttle Sir, an vnderminning wight,
To feede my vaynes he tooke a great delight.
His craftie heade did deeme it the best way,
With pleasant baytes to make my Crowne his pray.

He me his king inuited to a feast,
A feast in fayth, which forst my final fall:
Where Cupides curse constraynde me like a beast,
From Pallas prince to geue the golden Ball.
For Venus vantes to Helline thewe me thrall,
Whose heauenly hewe, whose beautie freshe and fayre,
Was burnisht bright like Phœbus in the ayre.

I being set at Bacchus banqueting,
His daughter deckt with Natures Tapistrie,
And trimly trickte with euery other thing,
Which might delight a louers fantasie:
Why shoulde mans mynde to loue thus subiect be?
I had a wyfe, a passing princely peece,
Which farre did passe that gallant Gyle of Greece.

Yet from my wyfe (the worthiest wench aliue,)
My fancies fell, I lothde her louely bed:
Howe I Hengestus daughter might achieue
Was al my care, I did this Damsel wed,
My wife dimorste, I had her in the steede.
Her louely lookes, her pretie pleasant cheare,
Made me esteeme her onely loue most deare.

I wote

I wore the crowne, her wyl dyd rule the reſt,
And her demaunde I neuer did deny:
What ſhe alowd I did eſteeme that beſt.
Which when her Father Hengeſt did eſpye,
He had the pray for which he long did pyne.
He made his hay whilſt weather faier was,
And by her meanes he brought it thus to paſſe:

That Bryttayues we with toyle ſhoulde till the ground,
They Saxons woulde defende our wealth with warre,
Which graunted once, they did inhabtie rownde
About my realme, and might both make and marre.
New Saxons in my realme aryued were,
By meanes whereof my Brittaynes did ſuſpect
The Saxons ſlayghtes, and did their deedes detect.

Then they good men to me their king complaind,
Theſe men quoth they, from vs our realme wil winne,
Except they from our frontiers be refraind.
Which when they told, my wife the was within,
O Huſband deare, they be (ſaide ſhe) my kin,
Ceaſſe of thy force thy faithful dreads to feare,
They meane no hurt, by Ioue the iuſt I ſweare.

So I eſteemed not my ſubiectes health,
That I might ſtill my ladies loue enioye,
They bewde me careleſſe of my common wealth,
To ſaue themſelues they ment me to annoy.
My ne eldeſt ſonne a proper pretty boy,
They made their kyng, and me for my deſert,
They did depryue: with paine which pincht my heart.

Then

Then Vortiger my ſonne and kyng purſude
The Saxons ſore, and dyd amaze them much,
For which my wyfe his mother lawe indude
With diuelish ſpite, agaynſt the youth did grutche,
She him deſtroyde, her good ſucceſſe was ſuch.
When he ſeuen yeares had raygnde with great renowne,
With poyſon ſhe depriude him of his crowne.

I to obtaine the ſeate from whence I fel,
With ſacred oth I ſolemnly did ſweare,
To ende the woorke, which was begonne ſo wel,
And to ſubdue the Saxons euery where.
The Britaines to my kingly crowne did reare
Me quickely then, I at the fyrſt, by might
Defaſte my foes in euery fray and fyght.

Then lothſome Lucke did turne her whurling wheele,
With treaſon truſt intrapte did me betray,
Hateful Mishappe ſhe had me by the heele,
And clapte me cloſe in dungeon of Decay,
To Hengeſt nowe I muſt a raunſome pay.
And if I loude my life and libertie,
I needes muſt graunt al he dooth aſke of me.

For chaunged chaunce of Mars his warres, hath made
Me of a king a Captaynes priſoner,
To whom there muſt nowe foure Sheares be payde,
Northfolke, Southfolke Southſexe, & Kent they were,
Me to releaſe from out my caue of care.
Which being donne, I led my life in doute,
And fledde for feare to Wales with al my route.

Where

Where as I founde a place that pleasde me much,
The situation seemde so passing strong,
The woyde me thought might not annoy it much,
A Castel there I builde: it were to long
Here to repeate, silence shall do no wrong
To Marlayne, he who wonders there hath wrought,
If auncient write to vs the truth hath taught.

When I had buylt my princely bower there,
In bloody feeldes I meant no more to striue:
But true reporte did dashe my present cheere,
In Tornesse hauen two brethren did ariue,
Which quickly would from that my forte me driue.
The brethren both of Constantine the Kyng,
Peccaui they did meane to make me sing.

From worse to worse seldome is better seene,
Our present ioyes hereafter thralles do threate,
And he who now doth flourish freshe and greene,
Must fade and fal as Hyems frostes doo frette
Dame Floraes feeldes, or as the rayne with wet
In dropping dayes the pleasaunt playnes doth drowne:
So ruthfull men reaues vs from renowne.

Men may therfore like Parmaydes euer mourne,
The shining Sunne who do so much delight,
That aye they waile like Furies quite forlorne.
When Sol doth shine, when Titans beames be bright,
They feare the stormes that may hereafter light,
They weepe because they must the Sunne forgoe,
When stormes do fal, they wayle their present woe,

So mortal man with malice al bested,
When good successe dooth sounde a blessed blaste,
With brinishe teares then may they eate their bread.
For happy dayes from man dooth flee as fast
As poulders force from peece dooth pellet cast,
And troubles tedious time with paceles staye,
Once wonne (alas) will neuer walke away.

Howe I in maze of trouble here did toyle,
Judge you which see me trauise in the same,
And howe I was inforst to final foyle,
Not nowe, for nowe although it dooth me shame,
I wyll declare, howe I was fryde with flame.
For Ambrose he and Vter Pendragon,
My Castle brent, me and my men eche one.

Then Ambrose with his brothers Crowne was crownde,
Which I from hym had reafte agaynst al right.
So nowe you see vppon what slipperie grounde
They stand, which doo extol them selues by might,
Their wandring feete doo walke as in the night,
Their stumbling steppes their giltie mindes doo feare,
They dayly see the blocke of bale appeare.

With scalding sighes they doo them selues consume,
For feare to fal dooth yeelde none other fruite,
They rage with wrath, they dayly frette and fume,
Ruthful reuenge them alwayes hath in suite,
And right in time makes might both mum and mute:
For that which might by secret meanes hath wrought,
By tracte of tyme to open shewe is brought.

Vsurpers

Vsurpers then doo reape their right reward,
The foyle once felt, they feele howe vile and vayne
It is, to be too high degrees preferde
By lawlesse meanes: they finde what pinching payne,
Amidst the mindes of such men doo remayne,
They alwayes thronged with cruel thretting thrall,
Doo feede vppon none other foode but Gall.

A proofe whereof a plat a patterne playne,
The ruthful race I Vortiger haue runne,
Disciphers so, that man may see howe vayne
A thing it is his former Fate to shunne,
Honour obteynde (alas) what haue we wonne?
A hidious heape of cruel carking care,
Which to consume mans life dooth neuer spare.

What Constantine was this (quoth Inquisition) that was made away by this miserable Vortiger? Not Hellines sonne sayd (Memorie) but an impe descended out of her loines, who for his soft spirit was made a Monke at S. Swithens in Winchester, and afterward his eldest brother being dead, he was taken out, & made king. He made mention of two brethren (sayd Inquisition) who arriuing at Totnesse, did binde the said Vortiger for making away the younge king. What were they? knowe you? Yea quoth (Memory) they were ỹ brethrẽ of the vnfortunate Constantine, who fled out of the realme for feare of that cruel Vortiger: and afterwarde obteyning succour beyonde the Sea, came with a Nauie and obteyned the reuenge of their so deadly enemie. And when the eldest, called Aurelius Ambrose, had raygned nienteene yeares, he dyed as some wryte, by poyson, without issue: Then the youngest, named Vter Pendragon, tooke vnto him the rule of this realm? Vter Pendragon? (quoth Inquisition) doo you meane the great king Arthurs father?

father: he is here, and hath flied vnto me to be a meanes that his fall might be knowne vnto the worlde. Let him saythe Memory, speake his minde, for his story is exceedyng necessary for this present time. Wherewith, he bearing still about with hym his amorous lookes, said as foloweth.

The Complaint of Vter *Pendragon.*

¶ *Howe Vter Pendragon was in-*
amoured with Duke Garelus wife, and howe by laweleſſe loue he loſt his kingdome. This example is moſt neceſſary for the preſent time.

VVE leade our liues by fancies fonde delight,
For kingdomes ſome doo buſy much their brayne,
But Cupids curſe that wretched litle wight,
That blinded boye vnto my pynching payne,
Dubde me a Knighte of dayntie Venus trayne,
Where beames of Beautie brought me by and by,
To caſt my care to pleaſe my Ladyes eye.

O Beautie braue, thy gladſome glittering Gleames,
With ſmilyng cheare and wildie winking eyes,
Dooth drowne with dole amidſt the ſurging ſtreames
Of deepe deſpayre, the wightes which be moſt wyſe.
Aye me, my wit, my penne cannot deuiſe
Of Beautie braue to make a true diſcourſe,
To thinke thereof I feele my ſelfe the worſe.

I Pendragon of Britaine crowned king,
The fretting force of Beauties hateful hewe,
Those frying flames I felt, that hateful sting,
Which quickly me from crowne and kingdome threwe.
Whilst with delight I did thy vaunting vewe,
I like the Halke which sores in good estate,
Did spye a Stale, I stoopte, and tooke a Mate.

For at what tyme the Saxons dyd assayle
My Britane state, and tooke eche man a share,
My Kindome they euen for their best auayle,
Dyd then deuide: for which wyth carking care
Them thence to dryue, I did my powre prepare.
And beyng come to Cornewal with my bande,
I ment to haue Duke Garelus helping hande.

I knewe right wel the valure of his mynde,
Me to my crowne his courage did aduaunce,
Him for my good most forwarde I did fynde,
He neuer fearde the force of chaunging chaunce.
Here I intrapte, did stande as in a traunce,
Amazde I gazde, as one bewichte, my hart
Was wounded deep with Cupids cruel Dart.

In sacred Church I set to sacrifyce,
Those holy vowes, which victories require:
Euen whilst I did with al my harte deuise,
Howe to subdue my foes with swoorde and speare,
Euen then there did this peerlesse Pearle appeare,
Duke Garelus wife, whose gallant gate and grace,
Stealing myne harte, my honour did deface.

When

When Vortiger my brother did oppresse,
In exile then my youthful yeares were spent,
At my retourne his fault he did confesse,
And from his crowne the crowne in haste I sent.
Then my delight was in the diery dent
Of wrackful warre, but nowe transformde I stande,
The auncient Oke must growe nowe lyke a wande.

I marueilde muche how Circus songes might please,
But now I muse that Circes sorcery,
Doth not from euery man bereaue his ease.
Calipsoes cuppes with poysoned Trechery,
Can not so much abridge mans liberty,
As Circus songes and Circes suttle art,
Whose chaunting charmes inwrapt with wo my hart.

Vlisses sayling by the perilous place,
Where these to please the passours by, did play,
Where Lady Loue doth vante with garishe grace,
Her daynty Damsels gallant Gyrles, and gaye,
Intysyng trulles, they causde the Greeke to say,
With Cables come and tye me to this Mast,
Lest I my selfe to Pleasures Court me cast.

Muse not therefore though feature fine of face,
Though comely corps, and trim intysing cheere,
Made me obay Sir Cupids mightie Mace:
The force whereof Vlisses wise did feare.
He saild aloffe, he from these bankes did beare
His shaking shippe, but other many moe
Did there ariue, and weaud the web of woe.

There

There Salomon did reape the croppe of care,
There Dauid loude as I, Vrias wife,
There Samſon ſtrong was ſnarled in the ſnare,
There Paris liude, euen there he loſt his life,
There Helens hate, brought Troy her final ſtrife,
Alcides he the mpghtie Herculus
There to ariue, did finde it dangerous.

And I did learne with loſſe of lyfe at laſte,
That he who doth delpght in laweleſſe loue,
Muſt play the foole eare al the partes be paſt,
And taſte the ſauce prepard for his behoue.
Let men take heed how they there fancies moue,
Let man beware where he doth caſt his eie,
The lymed byrde doth proue in vayne to flye.

O ancient Rome, thou didſt ordayne of yore,
That women ſhould no banqueting frequent,
At Rome ſhe was eſteemde a harlot whoore,
If from her houſe without her veyle ſhe went,
Which lawes no doubt were made to good intent,
For why the beames of Beauties ſanguynde light,
Like Baſiliſco ſpoyles the gazing wyght.

Therefore the maydes and Roman Matrons all,
A ſhadowing veyle before there face did weare,
Their heauenly hewe did throwe no man to thrall,
They were content with playne and decent geare,
They hufre it not wyth paynted friſled heare.
The marryed wyfe, the matron, and the mayd,
They of there veyles were glad and wel apayde.

If women thus had walked in my time,
I had not stoopte vnto that paynted lure,
Which did intice me to committe the crime,
Which to the pearch of leudnesse tide me sure,
For her disport my Ladye coulde procure
The wretched winges of this my muting minde,
Restlesse to seeke her emptie fitte to finde.

I thus arriude in Pleasures cursed Courte,
I lothed Mars, I hated Mercury,
It was me thought a passing pleasant sporte,
Leauinge the feeldes at Bacchus bravery,
Sometime to sit vpon my Mistresse knee,
Where that I might be at my pleasure plaste,
I sent the nobls Duke to warres in hast.

You which haue playd with pleasures banding bales,
You knowe the life which lingring louers lead,
You know how sweete it is to scale the walles
Of her good wyl, who liude in feare and dreade,
You know right wel how wel those wightes haue sped,
Who haue at last by dryftes of long delay,
Their hoped meede, and wished pleasant praye.

Which pray when I by tract of time obtaynde.
And had my wyl when best it did me please,
As I three monthes amidst my blesse remaynde,
The Dukes returne, returnd me from my ease,
No promise myght his raging wrath appease.
But when he knewe the haste of my delayes,
To cause my death he sought an hundred wayes.

Then

Then I the wrath of rash reuenge to flye,
Thinking that time myght mitigate his moode:
To Troynouant in hast I did me hye.
Which when the wrathful Duke once vnderstoode,
He ryfde my Realme, and by his myght and powre
I lost my lyfe, my Crowne, and Princely howre.

Learne they which liue in high or lowe degree,
To flee the foyle which I by Folly felt:
Let them refrayne those lofty Dames to see,
They know howe lofty lookes with me haue dealt,
You se how sight did make my honor melte.
Let al men know, mans hart did neuer rue
The thing which he with sight did neuer bewe.

But how may men the sight of Beautie shunne
In England, at this present dismal daye:
All voyde of veyles (like Layes) where Ladyes runne
And rome about at euerye feast and playe.
They wanderyng walke in euery streete and way:
With lofty luering lookes they bounsing byde.
The highest place in al mens sight must haue.

With pryde they pranke to please the wandring eye,
With garishe grace they smyle, they Iet they Fesk:
O English Dames, your lightnesse verily,
The Curtizantes of Rome do much detestе.
In Closets close to liue they count it best.
They geue not grace to euery wandring wight,
Your smiling chere doth euery man delight.

The Poets goddes Saturne, and Iupiter,
To Beauties becke, their highneſſe did obay,
Pluto of hel did plead at Beauties barre,
And Phillis cauſde Demophoon to ſtay:
Paſiphae a Bull brought to the baye.
So Goddes and Diuilles, both men and beaſtes, they all
By womens wyles are ſlaues to Beauties thrall.

What gayne is got by lyght and wanton wayes?
You reape reproche a guerdon got thereby:
Men by your meanes do cauſe their owne decay,
And you your ſelues al ſoulſe in ſinne muſte die.
Refrayne therefore to pleaſe mans gazing eie,
Let men like wiſe the bayted hookes refrayne
Of luering lookes, their vaunting votwes be vayne.

Erye well sayde quoth Memory, I would I had habilitie to redeeme this princes soule out of Lymbo lake, I wyl iuluer you the shorte Tragedie of this mans life hath made a long discourse of the present estate of Englād, in which ther be more by three parts which serue like Carpite knightes, Venus, & her darlinges, then god and their Prince: who I feare are so fast seazed vpon Beauties fiste, that this example wyl be little auaila-ble vnto them. But let it be as it wil, warned folkes may liue, and happie are they whome other mens harmes do make to be ware. But good Inquisition, whome haue you there? what, haue you brought vs in steede of a Prince, a Priest? It woulde appeare by his shauen Crown that he hath bin a Monke, or a Frier. What, shal we allowe tippet wearers to pleade amongst Princes? me thinke by the deformitie of his apparel, he shoulde not be of the Religion, nor of the reformed Church, yea I wyl in-suer you, his precise lookes maketh me to suspect that he is one of them which do cry

out, O these indifferent thinges do not edifye. Speake therfore Inquisition, if he be one of that precise order, he get no place here. O Memorie (quoth Inquisition) they of the reformed Church be the most zelous Pastoures of the world, moste of thē both godly, good liuers, and wise: and in my fancye in many poyntes greatly deseruing the name of reformed. But this man was both a Prince and a Prelate, whome I refused oftentimes to heare, because he looked so deuoutly, yet he beeing importunate, did ouercome me with his prayers: and when I gaue eare vnto him, I reioyced. And not without a cause good Memorye, for it is euen he whom you sent me to seeke. Let me see (quoth Memorie) is it Cadwallader? In good time: it is euen he in deede. O se what the alteration of apparel doth: in good fayth I had almost forgotten the man, he was the last King of the Brittaynes, and when thinges would not fal out after his desire, he went to Rome, and there he became a Frier. But we wyl not accuse him of anye thing, let him do the thing that he commeth for, you may perswade your selfe that seing he is of the Church, his conscience wyl constrayne him in euery tyting to tel the truth. Then he stepped forthe, booted, and spurde, al in blacke, with a long priestes

Gowne,

Gowne, a square cappe, a Scala Cæli in his
hande, and a longe payre of Beades by
his side: then he sighing,
proceeded vnto his pur-
pose, and said as fol-
loweth

(:)

The

The Complaynt of Cadwallader.

How Cadwallader the laſt King of the Brittaynes, after he had behaued him ſelfe very valiantly againſt the Saxons, reſigned his Crowne, and went to Rome, where he liued in a religious houſe. This ſtorye contayneth in it the eſtate of al eſtates.

You mourning Muſes al, where euer you remayne,
Aſſiſt my ſobbing ſoule this dyerye tale to tell:
You furious Furies fearce of Lymbo Lake belowe,
Helpe to vnlade my breſt of al the bale it beares:
And you who felte the falle from honors high renowne:
Frō graues you grizie ghoſts ſēd forth, to help me mourn.
O Pallas, geue thou place, that mourning Clio may
On Lute lamenting, ſound and ſing my doleful dumpes.
Let riming metered lines and and pleaſant Muſike ceaſe:
Let Satyres ſollome ſound ſende forth the fall I felt:
And when the truth of al my Tragedie is knowne,
Let them that liue then learne, al things muſt haue an end.
The Perſian Monarch and Medes it downe did fal,
That of Aſſiria, in tracte of time did end:
Yea Alexanders force in fight ſubdude them both,
And brought the worlde ſo wide into one Monarchie.
What though the fretting force of Fate did him diſmay:
He felt at laſte the foyle, his vaunting was in vayne,
He dead, the worlde it was deuided as before.
The Roman Emperie came tumbling downe at laſt.

And

And where is Troy, and Greece, and mightie Macedon?
They flourished for a tyme like this my little Ile:
The Soldian brought them downe, and did theyr states destroy:
Euen so the Saxons brought the Britayns to the bay,
Euen these mine eyes did see, that hateful, hidious sight,
These feeble handes when long they labourde had in vaine,
Dyd yeeld their interest: then thus I did complayne:
Who can refrayne the force of mighty mounting Seas?
When bellowes make a breache and beate the banckes adown,
Doth not the salcish surge then beate the bankes adown?
Then man may not withstand the the rigor of their rage.
But wisedome would haue kept the waues within their bounder
Counsayle doth come to late, when hope of helpe is past.
Such was my filthye fate, my lewde and lothsome lucke:
I sought a salue to cure and helpe the helpelesse wound.
For long before my tyme, seuen Kings were setled here,
The Saxons such as dwelt by East, Sibertus rulde,
The Angles in the East, Redwallus rulde as king,
Then Ethelbert was king of all the coast of Kent,
In Southsex Ethelwolfus wore the regall crowne:
Then Quincillinus was a Saxon king by west,
Of Martia in the midst king Penda was the Prince,
And Edwin in Northumberland did rule and raygne,
Now dyd my Grandsire grand renowmed Arthur he
These seuen destroye wyth deadly field of wackfull warre:
But Mordred made the meare, that brought them in agayne:
Vortiporus wyth warre almost consumde them all.
Then Malgo he with peace resorde agayne their state,
Cariticus the synne of Ciuil stryfe did loue,
For which Gurmundus did the Britaynes much annoy.
Then Cadwin out of Wales kyng Etheldred did spoyle,
Cadwalline then did force king Penda to a foyle,
And I Cadwallader at last did preese in place,
Then Lothar king of Kent in warre that wretch I slue.

And Ethiwolne the king of Southſaxons I ſpoyle,
The other fiue did me inuade with cruel fight,
With whom in diuers warres, I diuerſly did ſpeed.
Sometime Bellona bleawe a bleſſed blaſte for me,
And changed chaunce ſometime did faſte my men to flee.
Whilſt thus I wagde my warres in ſecrete ſilent night,
The very voyce of God, it thus to me did ſpeake:
Thou ſtriuſt againſt the ſtreame, the tide doth beate thee backe,
Strike thou thy Sailes, take Ancor hold, els muſt thou feele a wracke.
Which ſaying did in deede amaze me more by muche,
Then al the force that man againſt my wil might bende:
For who the wyll of God with weapons may reſiſt:
And when as time hath ſolde a countrye to decay,
Then prayer muſt preuayle, for weapons will not helpe.
And when the end is come, when all the glaſſe is runne,
Who can reſiſt the force of Fate and deſtinies:
Who things forerunne to fal from falling can refraine:
It paſſeth mortall might to bring ſuch thinges about.
Let man content himſelfe to do what beſt he may,
By trying too to much, no man his God may tempte,
But mortall man muſt thinke that God the beſt doth knowe,
Who can depreſſe to duſt, and rayſe when beſt him pleaſe.
And as I thus amidſt my muſinges did remayne,
I did reſigne my crowne, and deemde al honoures vayne.
And though it greeude me muche to feele the fall I felte,
Yet was I well content, I could not as I would:
For which I left my lande, my people, and my place.
The Saxons they obtaynde the wage for which they warrde.
When I three yeares had raygnd, without one day of reſt,
Euen then in mourning robes at Rome I did arriue,
And there contemning all the worlde, and worldly thinges,
I made my ſelfe a Monke, (ceaſſe Memory to muſe)
A Monke I made my ſelfe, thou knowſt it paſſing playne:
Amongſte the Friers there, I led my lyngring life.

Any

And tyll my dying day I daily did deuise,
How by my meanes it might to all the worlde be knowne,
That mortall flesh is fraple, and euery thing must fade:
And euen amongst those thinges which Nature doth create,
Nothing so vile as man amongst the rest is founde,
Which made Heraclitus with ceasselesse sighes to waple,
He to hys dying day did nothing els but weepe,
Affirming all the worlde vnder the heauen, to be
A path of penitence, a maze of misery.
What is the life of man but care and daily toyle,
Bearyng alwayes about a burthen of mishappes:
All his delightes repentaunce doth dayly dothe pursue:
Nothing but death doth bryng hym peace and quiet rest.
Yet that which bringes hym blesse, he most of all doth hate,
Which made Democritus with myrth to spende his dayes.
He laughing aye, did mocke the madnesse of mankynde,
Whose loue is long to liue, and feareth much to dye:
Death reaues vs from desease, Death endes the feare of death.
When Midas did demaunde Silenus, what was best
For mortall man to wishe, the Satyre thus did say,
Not to be borne, if borne, not long our liues to leade,
For life I most do lothe, and death I least doo dread.
And how did Timon leade with sauage beastes his lyfe:
How did that Hermite poore, his lothsome life detest:
Affirming with the wise Aurelius Emperour,
That if a man shoulde make a true discourse of all
The wretched woes he felt, from birth to dying day,
The feeble flesh would fayne to feele so sharpe a sighe,
The hart would quake to heare Dame Fortunes sharpe assaultes.
And I Cadwallader a king, can make report,
That nothing may content the mind of mortall man:
The more my selfe did eate, the hungryer ay I was,
The more I dranke, the more thirst did me stil distresse.
The more I slept, the more I sluggishe did remayne,

The more I rested me, the more I wearyed was,
The more of wealth I had, the more I dyd desire,
The more I still did seeke, the lesse I aye did finde.
And to conclude, I founde I neuer coulde obtayne
The thing, but in the ende it cauſde me to complayne,
My present good ſucceſſe, did threaten thrall to come,
And changing chaunce did still with ſorowe me conſume,
For which my royall robes, my crowne I layd aſide,
Meaning to proue by proofe the paynes of pouertye,
Which pouertie I felt all ryches to exceede,
It beareth much more bleſſe, then bygh and courtly ſtate,
Codrus and Irus poore for wealth did farre ſurpaſſe
Midas and Cræſus king, for wealth who did ſurpaſſe.
And I amongſt my mates the Romiſhe Fryers, felt
More ioye and leſſe anoye, then erſt in Britaine braue.
For there I doubted still, the Saxons ſubtile ſleyghtes,
I feared there the fall from royall regall ſeat:
But here at Rome I liude not fearing force of foe,
I had for myne eſtate, what I coulde wiſh or craue,
And this I there did finde: they of the Cleargye be,
Of all the men that liue the leſſe in miſery.
For all men line in care, they careleſſe do remayne.
Like buzzing Drones they eate the hony of the Bee,
They ſurely doo excel for fine felicitie.
The king muſt wage his warres, he hath no quiet day,
The noble man muſt rule with care the common weale:
The Countreyman muſt toyle to tyll the barren ſoyle,
With care the Marchant man the surging ſeas muſt ſayle,
With trickling droppes of ſweat the hãdcrafties man doth thriue.
With hand as harde as bourde the woorkeman eates his bread.
The ſouldiour in the fielde with paine doth get his pay,
The ſeruing man muſt ſerue and crouch with cap and knee,
The Lawier he muſt pleade and trudge from bench to barre,
Who Phiſicke doth profeſſe, he is not voyde of care.

But

But Churchmen they be blest, they turne a leake or two,
They sometime sing a Psalme, and for the people pray,
For which they honour haue, and sit in highest place,
What can they wishe or seeke, that is not hard at hande?
They labour not at al, they knowe no kinde of payne,
No daunger dooth with dreade their happy liues distresse.
Ceasse you therefore to muse what madnesse made me leaue
The Courte and courtly pompe of wearing royal crowne,
No madnesse did that deede, but wisedome wisht it so,
I gaynd thereby the blesse which fewe before me felt,
I niene yeares led my life, and neuer felt annoy.
And certaynely if nowe I might be king agayne,
Refusing all that pompe, I would become a priest,
A Deacon, or a Deane, Prebende, or Minister.
For these men leade their liues with liuings two or three:
Some haue their substitutes in Universities,
Some leade the brauest liues that any man may haue,
They feede vppon the fleece, they force not of the flocke:
Three houres in the yere, with beastly bosombe stuffe
They spend, and that is all that lawe of them requires.
Nuse not though many thrust and shoulder for degrees,
For happy man is he, who hath a Preachers fees.
But let me nowe returne vnto my Romishe route,
Who fed like Bacon fat, did nought but play and play.
With whom for niene yeares space, when I my life had led,
I songe my Requiem, and payde the earth her fee.
Then in Saint Peters Church at Rome they did me lay,
Booted and spurd, euen as you see me here this day.
So now you haue the whole of all my Tragedye.
Of Brutus bloode the last I lude that rulde as king,
Vp Britaines driuen to Wales they Welchmen then were calde,
And I at Rome their king, a mumbling Monke installd.
The Saxons had the day, for which they longed long.
They England calde the Ile, of Brute which tooke her name.

Some men be borne to bliſſe, and ſome to hateſull happe:
Who would haue thought, that I in warre a raging kyng,
Should by the force of Fate, at Rome haue dide a Monke:
Let al the worlde then know, that nothing is ſo ſure,
That can affoorde and ſay, I thus wyl aye indure.
For that which ſeemeth beſt, is ſoonest brought to naught,
Which playnely doth appeare by that which I haue taught.
The worthieſt in the worlde, princes, philoſophers,
Will teach that I haue taught, and proue it paſſing playne.
Paulus Aemilius did dye but wretchedly.
And was not Scipio euen to his dying day
Conſtraynde, to helpe his neede, the painfull plowe to plye:
Cæſar and Silla both, did not they tall the whyppe:
And made not Hannibal a miſerable ende:
And how was Socrates before his tyme deſtroyed,
And Anaxagoras inpriſoned long with paine?
For cruel beaſtly coyne diuine Plato was ſoulde,
And Ariſtotle ſent to exile, where he dyde.
And ſo was Solon ſage, and that Licurgus wiſe,
And many more, which here I could at large repeat.
But let theſe fewe ſuffice to teach for certaine truth,
That al the men that liue, are ſubiectes al to ruth.
And ſeeing ſo it is, then let them learne the meane,
That if the barke do breake, they ſafe may ſwimme to lande.

The

The Induction.

The greate delire (quoth Inquiſition) whiche we haue had to heare this man, hath made vs to ouerpaſſe king Arthur and Caritius, the one no leſſe famous for his noble actes, then the other for his vices and wretchednes infamous. Yea ſaid (Memory) ſo haue we forgot two or three other, whoſe examples would haue been goodly lanternes to lighten wandryng pylgrimes. But it is not much amiſſe, for of Arthur there be whole volumes, and of the reſt ther be the like enſamples both in Bochas and Baldwin: let vs therefore paſſe them ouer, and ſpeake ſomwhat of ſome of the Saxons: for ſeeing they were made of fleſhe and blood, no doubte ſome of them ſtumbled alſo. But fyrſt tell me Inquiſition, wyll you penne this mans meterleſſe Tragedy as he hath pronounſt it. good Memory geue me your aduiſe, for it agreeth very wel with the Roman verſe called Iambus, which conſiſteth on fyre feete, euery foote on two ſyllables, one ſhort and an other long, ſo proper for the Engliſhe toung, that it is greate maruaile that theſe ripewitted

Gentlemen

Gentlemen of England haue not left of their Gotish kinde of ryming, (for the rude Gothes brought that kind of writing first, & imitated the learned Latines & greekes) O what braue beames and goodly tymber might be found amongst Churchyardes Chippes, if he had not affected the ryming order of his predecessors? Which Necter made not onely hym inferiour vnto Horace, but it also made a great inequalitie to be betwixt Buchurst and Homer: betwixt Phaer and Virgill: betwixte Turberuile and Tibullus: betwixt Golding and Ouid: betwixt George Gascon and Seneca: for al these comming neare vnto Marot whom they did imitate, did put a great distance betwixt thē and the Latines, wyth whom they might haue binne equall, euen wyth as litle labour, and with much more prayse, and renowne. Truely (quoth Memory) let it be as it is, you shall see good sport shortly. I smyle to see how Zoilus and Momus, will crie out. O vayne glorious heade, whiche now for a singularitie dooth indeuour to erect a newe kinde of Poetrie in England. What needest thou care Inquisition, these labours wil get thee no liuing, and these be but the trifles of thy idle houres, yet such as be in many respectes of great value, I promise you I woulde the rest of your princes would proceede in the lyke order. But howe shal we goe forward wyth the seuen Saxon kings: which waye shall we turne vs? Where or wyth whom shal we begynne? Wyth the West

Saxons

Saxõs (quoth Inquisitiõ) for they subdued ỹ other six, and returned the realme into one Monarchie. And surely ewe their first king were worthy the speaking of, who for hys wife Etheldredas pleasure, gaue ouer al his royalties, & then went to Rome, like a begger in pilgrimage. But we wyl not spende our time in hearing these deuout men. Let vs (if you please) see what this meaneth: behold, a Heardman doth holde in his hand a headlesse body, who by his apparel would seeme to be some forlorne thing: shall I inquire of the man what the matter meaneth. No quoth Memory, you nede not, for I see he wyl doo it without request. Wherewyth the Heardman lamenting both his harde happe, and his good successe, sayde as followeth.

The Complaint of *Sigebert.*

How Sigebert was thruſt from his throne, and miſerably ſlayne by a Heardman. This Tragedie dooth teach both Prince and ſubiect his duetie at large.

Two partes in one a Heardman here muſt play,
My tale muſt tende eche princes lyfe to mende,
And this my talke moſt playnely muſt diſplaye,
Howe farre a ſubiect may him ſelfe defende
Againſt his leache, his ſoueraigne Lorde and king,
If his default his common weale dooth bring
To miſerie: therefore a litle while
Attende, and knowe the tenoure of my ſtile.

A ſubiect I of baſe and lowe degree,
This headleſſe corps of lyfe I did depriue,
(King Sigebert it was) with crueltie.
Whoſe luſt was lawe, whilſt he was here aliue,
To feele my force it was his deſtinie,
Then crueltie I wracke with crueltie,
And to reuenge the wrong that earſt he wrought,
With loſſe of lyfe his lawleſſe luſt he bought.

This

This Sigebert the Saxons rulde by Weſt,
Their auncient lawes he at his lyſt did chaunge,
For which his commons did him much deteſt.
The Duke of Cornwell woulde not let him raunge
Thus at his wyll, but wiſht him like a friend,
To mende his faultes, or els his life to ende.
Then he in rage this Duke my maſters lyfe,
His cruel handes bereaude with blooddy knife.

A laweleſſe life to laweſſe death dooth hale,
When wickeſſe will, wyl paſſe the power of may:
Then il miſhappe dooth drowne in Dolours Dale,
The peruerſe Prince, whoſe wit doth beare the ſway.
Juſt Abels blood to God for vengeance calde,
For blood with blood the Bloodſheader is thralde,
And him whom here before you I preſent,
For ſheading bloode, my blade his lyfe hath hent.

As he three yeares his people did oppreſſe,
Then they whoſe backe that burden coulde not beare,
With one conſent they did his ſtate diſtreſſe,
To reaue him of his Crowne they did not feare,
They him deſpoilde from honour and renowne:
His hateful happe ſo frowardly did frowne,
That he who had a kingdome but of late,
Forlorne he nowe muſt begge from gate to gate.

Doo nothing muſe at his deſerued happe,
For many more as he their lines haue led:
Ioues vengeance iuſt ſuch wretches dooth inwrappe,
With change moſt ſtrange, when he their blood will ſhed.
Of Dioniſe of Syracuſia,
Of Neroes death, of Phalaris decay,
Who liſt to reade, he paſſing plaine ſhal finde,
That he of heauen their ſorowe hath aſſignde.

And out of doubte God did ordayne the fal
Of him, whom here I headlesse haue in hand,
Who wandring in a wood amidst his thral
I mette by chaunce, of whom I did demaund
His name, and place: who thus replide with feare:
O friende, I am for meate nowe starued wel neare,
Geue me therefore I thee beseech and pray
Some meate, to keepe my carkasse from decay.

Some Pilgrime poore, or wayfaryng man him straight
I iudged, and gaue him what my scrippe would yeelde,
And whilst we both thus on a banke dyd baite,
From sighes and sobbes him selfe he coulde not wielde,
Which made me aske agayne his name and place,
But silent he did mourne with frowning face:
Yet at the last by urging too and fro,
He thus declarde the cause of al his woe.

O miser I, more wretch then thee by much,
I neuer coulde compare with thine estate.
This heard of Swine against thee neuer grutch,
I kept a heard, which did their Heardman hate,
A hateful heard of murmuring men I meane,
Which dyd depriue me of my honour cleane.
And now I leade my lothsome life you see,
Impalde amidste a maze of misery.

With chaunged chaunce (aye me) I chased am,
And frowning Fate such sorrowe hath assignde,
That lothing life, most like a quiet Lambe,
My naked necke to blocke of bale I binde.
With cruel knife (O Care) come shread my twist,
So shal my soule by corps decay be blist.
But sith that Care nor Fate wil doo this deed,
Doo thou the same I thee beseech, with speede.

Fyrst hatefull hope with flattering face did faune,
With dreade when deepe despaier would haue drownde,
Then chaunged chaunce did checke me with the paune
Of wosul want, when good successe did sound
A blessed blast: and nowe (to tel the truth)
I haue the mate, by raging Rooke of ruth.
Lo thus I liue, which dayly wishe to dye:
And life (alas) dooth make my misery.

If lothsome life (of this my corps the king)
Dooth moue one way, the Bishop bids mee backe:
If to that poynt, the Queene me backe doth bring,
On thother side, the Knight dooth woorke my wracke,
The other poyntes with Pannes be al possest,
And here the Rooke of ruth dooth reaue my rest.
And being brought into this strange estate,
I do confesse my selfe to haue a mate.

Sith sorrowe so hath seasde vpon my bones,
That nowe too late I doo lament my losse,
And sith no meanes may turne my gastfull grones
To ioyfull glye, sith trouble still doth tosse
Me to and fro, in walteryng waues of woe:
Death is my friend, and life I compt my foe.
Which death though once my feeble fleshe did feare,
Yet now I fayne would feele his mutdringspeare.

In gurging gulfe of these such surging seas,
My Pouer soule who drownd you wil request,
I wretched wight haue sought mine owne disease,
By myne owne meanes my state it was distrest.
For whilst I meant to make my lust a lawe,
Iustice me from my high estate did drawe.
So that I fynde, and feele it nowe with payne,
Al worldly pompe, al honour is but vayne.

Which honour I to fiery flames compare,
For when they flash and flourishe most of all,
Then suddaynely their flamings quenched are.
For proofe whereof, to minde nowe let vs cal
Antigonus, and Ptollemeus Great,
Cæsar, and Mithridate, we may repeat,
With Darius, and great Antiochus,
Cambises eke, and conquering Pyrrhus.

And I the last myght fyrst haue had my place,
They al as I with flaming fierie showe,
Were quenched quite: Dame Fortune did deface,
Yea hatefull happe, euen then did ouerthrowe
Us most, when most we had our hartes delire.
When most we flourisht like the flames of fyre,
Euen then the seas of sorowe did preuayle,
And made vs weare a blacke wamenting sayle.

And here before my death, I wyl repeate
To thee the thing which I of late did dreame,
That thou and al the worlde may see, how great
A care it is to rule a royal realme.
My dreame shal showe, that blisse doth not consist
In wealth nor want: but he alone is blest,
Who is content with his alligned fate,
And neuer striues to clime to higher state.

When seemely Sol had rest his glittering gleames,
And Nox the earth with darkenesse did imple:
Dame Sinthia then with her bright burnished beames,
The shadowed shades of darkenesse did assayle,
Then Somnus cause my senses al to quay'e.
On careful couche then bein ɣ layde to rest,
With doubtful dreames I strangely was distrest.

In cottage

In cottage colde where care me thought did keepe,
With naked neede and want of where withal:
Where pouertie next beggers doore did creepe,
And where expences were so passing smal,
That al men deemde that man forethrongd with thral,
Which there did dwel, euen there from bondage free,
I veiwde a man al voyde of miserie.

And whilst I musde howe he in bliue of blisse
Coulde leade his life amidst that caue of care,
From princely Court proceeded eare I wist,
A man, with whom there might no man compare.
His wealth, his wit, his courage were so rare,
That none before nor since were like to him:
Yet he mee thought in waues of woe did swimme.

This man had al that men could wyshe or craue
For happy state, yet nought he had in deede:
The other, he had nought that men would haue,
Yet had he al, beleeue it as thy Creede.
This saying of that happy man I reade,
That hauing nought, yet al thinges so I haue,
That hauing nought, I nothing more doo craue.

The king mee thought with al his Courtly trayne,
Past to the place where pouertie did dwel,
With frowning face and with a troubled brayne,
With woe and want, his vexed vaynes did swell,
With myrth and ioy the poore man did excel.
And being come vnto his house ymade
Of one poore hogsheadde, thus to him he sayde:

Diogenes,

Diogenes, thou leadst a lothsome life,
We thinke thou mightst much better spend thy time
Within my Court, both thou and eake thy wife:
Thou by that meanes to high estate maist clime:
I haue the wealth, and thou art voyde of crime,
And loe, before thy face I here am prest
To geue thee that, which thou shalt now request.

Stand backe (Sir Kyng) thy daunting bowes be vaine,
I no thing recke thy promise, goodes, nor lande,
And Tigris stately streames would me sustayne
With heate, if thou from thys my doore wouldst stande:
Thou takst away much more then thy commaunde
Can geue agayne: thy giftes so vile I deeme,
That none but fooles such follies do esteeme.

With Conquest thou hast wonne the worlde so wide,
And yet thou canst not winne thy wandring wyll:
Thou wouldest winne an other worlde beside,
But tushe, that facte doth farre surpasse thy skyll.
Thou neuer wilt of Conquest haue thy fyll,
Til Death with daunting darte hath conquerd thee,
Then must thou leaue behynd, thy Monarchie.

With greate assaultes my selfe I haue subdude,
In all respectes, I haue my hartes desyre,
With a contented minde I am endude,
To hygher state I neuer will aspire.
More like a Prince then any pore Esquire,
I leade my life: and sith my state is such,
Aske thou of me, for I can geue thee muche.

All

All vaght with vreade me thought in fuming heate
He sayd, departing thence in hast with speede,
If I were not Alexander the Great,
I would become Diogenes in deed,
Who leades his life al voyd of woeful dread.
He hath the welth which I cannot obtayne,
I haue the welth which wise men do disdayne.

I liue in feare, I languishe al in vreade,
Welth is my woe, the causer of my care,
With feare of death I am so il bestead,
That restlesse I much like the hunted Hare,
Or as the canuiste Kite, doth feare the snare.
Ten hundred cares hath brought me to the baye,
Ten thousand snares for this my lyfe men laye.

When Philip he of Macedon the king,
One Realme me lefte, I could not be content,
Desier pryckte me to an other thing,
To winne the worlde it was my whole intent,
Which donne, an other worlde to winne I ment.
When least I had, then most I had of blesse,
Now, al the worlde, and al vnquietnesse.

No woe to want of contentation,
No welth to want of riches and renowne,
For this is seene in euery nation,
The highest trees be sonest blowen downe:
Ten kinges do dye before one clubbishe Clowne.
Diogenes in quiet Tunne doth rest,
When Cæsar is with carking care distrest.

Wherewith me thought he was departed quite,
And Morpheus that sluggishe God of sleepe,
Did leaue my limmes, wherewith I stoode vpright,
Deuising long what profite I could reape
Of this my dreame, which playnly did expresse
That neyther want nor wealth doth make mans blesse.
Who hath the meane with a contented minde,
Most perfect blesse his God hath him assignde.

But I, who liude a Crowned king of late,
And nowe am forste of thee to begge my bread,
I cannot be content with this estate,
I lothe to liue, I would I wretch were deade:
Despayer she doth feede me with decay,
And Pacience is fled and flowne away.
Do thou therefore O Heardeman play thy parte,
Take thou this blade, and thrust it to my harte.

O Sir, I sayd, the Goddes defend that I
Should causelesse kil a man in myserye,
Tel me thy name and place, then by and by
I wyl prouide for thyne aduersitie.
Then he replide, my name is Sigeberte,
I am the man which wrought thy masters smart:
I rulde of late this Realme euen at my lisle,
Take thou reuenge with that thy friendly fisle.

And wel content: I wyl reuenge with speede
The death of him whome causelesse thou didst kill.
King Sigebert, and art thou he in deede:
Sith he thou art, dispatch and make thy wyl,
For to my Lorde this day I wyl present
Thy head: therefore thy former faultes repent,
Thou seest the blocke on which thy lyfe must ende,
Cal thou for grace that God may mercie sende.

Wherewith

Wherewith the kneelyng by he block of bale,
Dispatch(quoth he) and do that friendly deede:
O welcome de ath, and farewel Fortune fraile,
Dispatch good friende, dispatch my lyfe with speede.
Wherewith, on blocke he stretcht his necke out right,
And sayd no more, but praying me to smite,
I gaue the stroke which ended al his care,
A blouddie stroke, which did my death prepare.

For I who hopte to haue some great rewarde
For killing of my maisters fathers foe:
Was hanged straycht, my cause was neuer hearde,
Such was my chance and wel deserued woe.
For when my Lord had heard me tel the tale,
Howe I his king and myne did there assayle,
His frowning face did put me in great feare,
He sighte and sobde, and sayd as you shal heare.

O Caitife vile, O impe of Satans seede,
And hast thou kylde our Souraigne Lorde and kyng?
His due deserte deserueth death in deede,
Yet what made thee to doo so vile a thinge?
What though he dyd my Father causeleſſe kyll?
What though he ruled the Realme with lawleſſe wyll?
Shall we therefore, with cruel bloudy knyfe,
Depriue our Lorde and king of vitall lyfe?

O filth fye, may subiectes false surmise,
With murthering mindes their Gouernour resiſte?
That may not be: for Tully wonderous wyſe,
Plato, in whom true knowledge dooth conſiſte,
They both agreed that no man ought to kyll
A Tyrant, though he hath hym at his wyll.
Yet thou (thou wretche) this bloudy deede hast donne,
The like was neuer seene vnder the Sunne.

When God wyl plague the people for their sinne,
Them then to scourge he doth a Tyrant sende:
We should therefore that subiectes be, begin
With earnest minde our former faultes tamende:
Which if we do, it is to great auaile,
Mans force is fonde, fighting cannot preuayle.
And he who doth resist the Magistrate,
Resisteth god, repenting al to late.

If subiects be by peruerse Prince oppresst,
They then must pray that God the change maye make:
Which God no doubt Rebellion doth detest,
No subiect may his sworde nor armoure take
Against his Prince, whom god hath placed there.
Yet hath this wretch al voyde of Subiectes feare,
Destroyde a King whome God did thrust from throne,
Alas poore king, thy death I do bemone.

But he who hath thy lyngring lyfe destroyde,
Shalbe destroyd, and finde it passing playne,
That no man may a Princes lyfe anoye.
Although the Prince desiers to be slayne,
Yet subiectes must from sheading bloud refrayne.
From which seeing this wretch could not abstayne,
Let him be hangde as I before decreed,
A iust reward for his so vile a deed.

Then I forthwith to end my lyfe was led,
I hopte to haue preferment for my deede,
I was preferde, and hangde al saue the head,
Did euer man the lyke example read:
Not one I thinke, therefore good Memorie,
In register inrolle thou this for mee,
That they who liue and read the fall I felt,
May finde how Fate most strangely with me delte.

Yet

Yet my deſert no doubt dyd death deſerue,
Though hatred dyd not make mee kyll my kyng,
Yet lucre lewde dyd force my feete to ſwarue,
That hatefull hap, mee to this bale dyd bring.
Let them then learne that heedleſſe liue by hope,
Her hatefull heſtes wyll bring them to the rope:
And happy he, who voyde of hope can leade
A quiet lyfe, all voyde of Fortunes dreed.

Perillus he who made the Ball of Braſſe,
Lyke him I hopte to haue ſome great rewarde,
But he in braſen belly broyled was.
And to a Skarfe of Hempe I was preferde.
So they that meane by others harmes to riſe,
Their dying day ſhall ende with dolefull cries.
And here I ende, approuing that moſt true,
From wicked workes no goodneſſe can inſue.

The Induction.

THis Heardman quoth Inquiſition, dooth make me cal to minde Pans Preachers, I meane Maroes ſhepherds, Siluanus, Cādidus, and ſuch lyke, who with their Oten Pipes dyd often times diſcloſe very intricate myſteries, reaſoning pro et con of many high poynts belonging vnto the common weale. And I know not with what knowledge, they dyd decide doubtfull matters, accordyng vnto the opinyon of the beſt Philoſo-

phers. Surely Memorie, I maruel much at the men of the olde worlde, for I read of many who hauing many passing great giftes of learning and knowledge, were content with the base estate of Heardmen. In these our dayes, none bee Heardmen but fooles, and euery man though his witte be but meane, yet he cannot liue with a contented mind, except he hath the degree of a Lorde. It is moste true sayde Memorye, for heretofore men did not raunge buttyed in such a worlde of libertye as they doo nowe, then the wisest was best content with the lowest estate, yea, Reason so bridled the affections of men, that Apollo whome Poetes do faygne to be the verye God of wisedom, what was he but a shepehearde: and that verye poore as it woulde seeme, for he kepte Admetus heard in Thessalie. And Argus, who for the sharpnesse of his wit was reported to haue an hundred eies, he also was content to be a Cowheard. And were not Bacchus, Saturne, and mighty Iupiter, delighted in husbandrie: But he who is most wyse in these our dayes, doth approue him selfe most folish, by thrusting himselfe vnto his owne destruction, which this Heardman hath declared sufficiently in this storie of Sigebert. But let vs nowe proceede, and let vs by examples teach,

what

what fruit vertue, and vice, cõtentation and ambition, doth yeeld. Then let them of this world choose, whether lyke the wise Mariners they wil auoyd those dãgerous rocks: or willingly cast thẽselues away. Proceede therfore good Inquisition, & let vs see whom you haue here. Shee will declare her selfe (quoth Inquisition) what she is: but for the better vnderstanding of her talke, you must think that you see .51. Nũnes, al Ladies by birth, hauing all their noses & vpper lippes slead of, al flaming in a fire, being shut into a church: then do you imagine ỹ you see this Lady, the mistris and gouerner of the rest, standing dismembred & burning amongst the rest, to say as foloweth.

The Lyfe of *Ladye Ebbe.*

Howe Lady Ebbe dyd slea her nose, and vpper lippe away, to saue her Virginitie.

DO nothing muse at my deformed face,
For Nature it in perfect moulde dyd make:
And when your wits haue waged well the case,
You wyll commende me much for Uertues sake.
With these my handes which from my face dyd take
Mine ouer lippe, and eke my seemely Nose,
So to auoyde the rage of all my foes.

For

For I by byrth a Princes daughter borne,
An Abbiesse by my profession,
Of which estate I neuer thought it scorne,
Ye greatly did delight me to be one,
Which might erect diuine Religion.
At Collingam I tooke this charge in hand,
And fiftie more of chaste Dianaes bande,

Al Ladies borne by birth of high degree,
Which there did bowe with me their lines to leade,
And to auoyd carnal fragilitie,
We al did bowe as you tyght wel may reade,
With single lines to line in feare and dreade
Of God our Lorde, so to refrayne the vice
Of fleshly lucke, which doth to sinne intice.

Then did the Danes the Saxon state inuade,
And they who did the Brittayne state destroy,
To sue for grace were glad and wel apayd,
So strangely did the Danes vs then annoye,
That Saxons like the men of hoyling Troy,
Amazde, they gazde, not knowing what was best,
So straytghtly were the Saxons then distrest.

These dreadful Danes they had no feare of God,
But sauage, they did make their lust a lawe,
Whome god did send for a reuenging rod,
To make vs Saxons liue in feare and awe
Of him, who did from seruile bondage drawe
Vs out, and made vs liue at libertie,
When as we serude with cruel slauerie.

Not

Not much vnlike the murmuryng Iſraelites,
Sometyme we ſerude our Lorde with feare and dread,
In trouble we imployde our whole delightes,
To faſt and pray: but when we quiet were,
We reſtleſſe led our liues, all voyde of care,
Forgetting him who did in ech diſtreſſe,
With helping hande vs bleſſe with good ſucceſſe.

Bee here the fruit of health and good ſucceſſe,
It maketh man both proude and inſolent:
In health we hate the god who hath vs bleſt,
Trouble doth make vs mortall men repent
Our former faultes: in ſickeneſſe we be bent
To faſt and pray, and in aduerſitye,
To pray to god, is mans felicitye.

And for this faule abuſing this our bleſſe,
The Danes with ruth our realme did ouerrunne,
Their wrath inwrapte vs all in wretchedneſſe,
There was no ſinne from which thoſe men did ſhunne.
By them the common weale was quite vndonne,
They did deſtroy the ſtate of euery Towne,
They churches burnt, they pluckt the Abbies downe.

Yet not content, vs Nunnes they did annoy,
O cruel deede, our belles they did vnbynde,
With rapine they dyd rauiſhe and deſtroy,
Deflowring al that euer they could finde.
I ſeeing then what ſorrow was aſſignde
To me and mine, my vowed virgines I
Did call, then thus I ſpake with weeping eye.

Alas alas my louing ladies all,
These harde mishappes doo presse vs too to neare,
What shall we do, how may we scape the thrall
Which hath destroyde the Nunneries euery where?
Alas, my feeble flesh doth quake for feare,
Alas, howe shall we scape their cruelties,
Which thus be plaste amidst extremities?

For if we do their hatefull heastes deny,
Then dreadfull death shall presently insue:
And if we graunt vnto their villany,
Our sinfull soules in hell that deed shall rue.
Beleeue me then my Ladies, this is true,
Much better ewer for vs to dye, with fame,
Then long to liue, with euerlasting shame.

And for because the faces fayne doth moue
With beauties beames and comly countenaunce,
The minde of man to lust and lawlesse loue,
I haue deuizde, my honour to aduaunce,
With face deformde to crye my hard mischaunce.
For these my handes from this my face shall rippe
Euen with this knife, my Nose and ouerlippe.

They which will flye reprochfull infamye,
To do the like will them beseeme the best,
You shal preserue your vowde virginitie
Therby, and liue perhappes with quiet rest,
My daughters deare, geue eare vnto my hest.
Wherwith, with Rasors sharpe I first, then they,
Eche one her Nose, and lippe did slea away.

Whilst

Whilſt thus we liud deformde to outwarde ſhowe,
Yet veſſels garniſht gaye before gods ſight,
The Danes did vs inuade, who ſtraight did knowe
Our ſeate, them to deſeate of their delight:
For which they wrackt on vs their wicked ſpight.
With fiery flames they burnt our Nunnery,
And vs therein: O wretched crueltie.

The eare of man the like hath neuer hearde,
No penne, nor tounge the like hath euer tolde,
Had euer man a hart that was ſo harde,
That with his yron hꝛeſt durſt be ſo bolde,
To do the like againſt the Femine kinde?
Not on in fayth that euer I coulde heare,
But theſe all voyde of merrye, loue, and feare.

Thus we content to leaue this preſent life,
In hope to haue hereafters better bleſſe,
Were hꝛent and hꝛoyld, and ſo did ſtint the ſtrife
Which might haue made vs liue in wretchedneſſe:
We gaynde therby a heauenly happineſſe.
Which happineſſe they doubteleſſe ſhall obtayne,
Which do from ſinne and wickednelle abſtayne.

Diana quoth Memory, bryng foorthe your Damosels, let vs se if any of your court haue donne the like deuoier to saue theyr virginities. But seeing that writers haue made mention of none that might compare wyth her, both for the goodnesse of the cause, and the valiaunt goyng through with the quarrel, mee thinke shee shoulde rather be esteemed a goddesse then thou, and her trayne rather the Ladies of chastity then thine. Geue thou place therfore, and let this Lady haue thy seate. But (good Inquisition) this woman liued in the golden worlde, let vs enquire in this our yron age, yf there be any which do come any thyng neare vnto her. Alas not one (quoth Inquisition) for as shee in her time did dismēber her wel membred body to preserue the iewel which she esteemed of so greate a price: so now a multitude may be founde, who furnishe theyr vnperfite personages with all kinde of foolishe fylthy furnitures, to bestowe that on euery he who wil haue it, which she was so desyrous to keepe. But let vs nowe heare this

mans

mans matter: it is Aiurede, who if he had not beene geuen vnto one kinde of vice, had passed Arthur for warres, and Lucy for godlinesse. What vice was that quoth Memory? You neede not enquire quoth Inquisition, for he is euen now repeating his history: wherewith he sayd as foloweth.

The Complaynt of *Alurede*.

¶ *Howe Alurede was brought vnto* disease and vnto vntimely death, being inclined vnto the sinne of the flesshe. By hys example we may learne, that one vice is sufficient to deface a hundred vertues.

My winckled cheeks bedeawde with drops of dole
My visage pale, my wan and withered face,
Do wel declare how I haue runne my race.
And sith I must my doinges here inrolle,
The liues of them which liue for to controlle,
I am content my cruel wretched case
Shall teach the way, how all men may imbrace
The knowledge how they honour may obtayne,
And how they may from falling there remayne.

Though many clime by a meanes a hyr,
Yet few on toppe can sit in suer seate:
For euery stozme an ouerthzowe doth threate
To them, who get the toppe by crueltie,
Who se luddayne fall doth tell their trechery.
But they who will their heades foz honour beate,
And flye the fall, the greefe whereof is greate,
Let them renowne their foxmer factes with fame,
And shunne the path which leades mans life to shame.

Ho walketh in this wilderneſſe of woe,
And loues aloft on flitting Fame to flee,
Muſt pace the pathes of Mother Myſery.
That man through gaſtfull greefe muſt goe,
By thouſande thickes which wrapped are with woz
By Daungers denne where lurking she dooth lye,
By Hatreds houſe, where spighe wil thee eſspye,
By caue of Care, by wofull crye, alas,
His manly minde with courage ſtout muſt paſſe.

By pleſaunt playne where pleaſure doth place
Her pzincely Pallace paynted paſſing fine,
To gazing eyes where glitteryng glaſſe doth shine
Of beauties blaze, where feature fine of face,
Where Ladye loue doth vaunce with gariſhe grace,
Where vayne delight doth dzawe that lothſome line,
Which maketh man from vertue to decline,
Be wiſe and ware, and loche theyr luering lookes,
Leaſt craftye Cupide catch thee in his hookes

To Pleaſures court a company doth come,
Euen fame to finde, the loſſe I do lament,
For flitting Fame, them Rumor rud hath hent,
Which doth declare their dole til day of Dome.

With

With tooth and nayle which trauaile, there be some,
Vertue to finde, where when some time is spent,
Her to obtayne, and that with good intent,
They weary, by the way do stay their race,
And rest them in this pleasaunt bitter place.

They meane as there no long delayes to make,
But Bacchus comely Carpites so do please,
Such courtly caues, such mirth, such quiet ease
They haue, that they to Venus them betake,
The wearye wayes of vertue they forsake.
Those trustlesse traynes from dolor and disease
Doubtlesse do come, to drowne in surging seas
Of secrete smarte, those which do them delight.
Flee thou therfore this courte, with spight.

From Pleasures place, when thou shalt turne thy face,
The high way then discretion wil thee shewe
To vertues Lodge, which thou right well mayst know
By such as dwell about that pleasaunt place:
A hundred vertues raunging on a rowe,
Thou there shalt see, how Fame her trumpe doth blowe,
For greate exploytes: where when thou art renownde,
Then Fame thy name through all the world shal sounde.

And when thou hast obtainde that place with payne,
There is no doubt desert will honour haue,
Which being had, beware that waltering waue
Of wordly lust, which vertue doth disdayne,
Beware least thou thy former deedes doost flaine.
For he who could himselfe from sinning saue,
He seeking that which most his minde did craue:
Which being founde, his feeble feet dooe faynt.
And strayght he doth with sinne himselfe acquaynt.

When

When man hath most of that he doth desire,
Then most the flesh doth force the soule to sinne,
The ende doth proue how wel we do beginne.
For he who doth from vertues lore retire,
His wretched ende doth make the worlde admire.
Let him therfore which will the Garlond winne,
Euen to the end auoyde the hatefull ginne
Which Satan sets, with traynes of tasteles bayte,
The glosse whereof prognosticates delaygbt.

What gayne is got by him who runnes in hast,
If that his stumbling feete do make delay:
An other man doth beare the price away,
He got no game, one fall hath him defast:
Euen so that man from fame is quite displaste,
If once his feete in vices steppes do stay,
As may appeare by me, and my decay.
For once I slipt, one vice did me deface,
One onely vice, did Alurede disgrace.

I the fourth sonne of Ethelwolfus king,
Twice tenne and eight I wore the Saxon crowne,
For Martial feates I had a greate renowne,
My gouernaunce was good in euery thing,
I rulde my realme to euery mans liking,
My stature tall, my face did neuer frowne,
My learning did deserue a Lawrell crowne,
My wisedome and my iustice purchast fame,
My courage bolde dyd much extoll the same.

In seuen conflictes I did the Danes destroy,
But more artude which did me more molest,
Yet they likewise were by my meanes destrest.
But when my strength their strength could not destroy,

I

I did deuise a prretty pleasant toy,
By meanes whereof my Saxon soyle was bleste.
Amidst my sone I Minstrel like did iest,
I playd the part of Scoggin Skeltons mate,
Transformde, I trudgde about from gate to gate,

In Minstrels robes my Fiddle tuned fine,
With warbling notes my young the song did sing,
Myne eyes and harte did note eche other thing
That there was done: first howe they did incline,
There lothesome lines, much like to filthie swine.
I playd my part before their Hoggish King,
A part which him and his to bale did bring.
For when I knewe their purposed intent,
By my returne I made them al repent.

For in the night I did their campe inuade,
With bloodye blade I did destroy them al,
And those which did as then escape the thrall,
Of Infidels them Christened men I made,
And though with warres my Realme were quite decayd,
Yet at the laste after so greate a fal,
I wonne the prize that pleasde me most of al.
Euen quiet peace a blesse of al the best,
The frute whereof is nothing els but rest.

Thus being blest with peace and quiet rest,
At Oxford I a Grammer schoole did buyld,
By meanes whereof my common weale was filde
With learned men: and hauing thus my best,
A Abbies tuple, esteeming it the best,
That God who me in al my warres did wielde,
And me preserude euen with his myghtie shielde
That be in peace the only prayse myght haue,
I buylded by religious houses braue.

At Winchester the Pallace there I made,
At Shaftesburye I buylt a Nunnerye,
I daily did erect Diuinitie,
All which good deedes euen by one wicked trade,
Were quite defaste and from my fame did fade.
O hateful thing that faining fantasye,
Should make a man that seeth, not to see,
Alas I byte on pleasures byter bayte.
Whose hateful hookes are couered with delayte,

In lawlesse lone I had a great delyght,
That sugered sweete of little lasting ioye,
Those luering lookes of dayntie Damsels coy,
Made me committe that lyke a Carpite knighte.
I did consume ful many a day and nyght
With such delyghtes as did my name anoye,
My health and life at last they did destroy:
Yea these delightes did so my fame deface,
That nowe with shame I blushe to shewe my face.

Those lewde delightes did drawe me to disease,
Consuming sickenesse brought me verye lowe,
Phisitions they Sicus that euil do know,
A kinde of sore which did me much displease,
It alwayes did bereaue me of my ease:
On partes belowe that gryping griefe doth growe,
On me my God a iust reuenge did show.
And at the last, continuing in my sinne,
I lost my lyfe, and hateful Hel did winne.

What though I did from forrayne foes defend
My Saxon soyle, with chyce renowmed fame?
What though I ruled with equitie the same?
What though to buyld vp Abbies I did bend

My

Pp ſelfe, and prayd that God his worde would ſend:
Though theſe good deedes did honor much my name,
Yet theſe defaſte with deedes of foule defame,
Be of no price: for filthie fleſhly luſte
Deſtroyd them al, and layd them in the duſte.

For as you ſee diſſolued clowdes with rayne
The beames of Phebus do deface:
Euen ſo one ſinne did al my vertues race,
They blemiſhed myne honor with diſdayne,
So that I finde al vertue is in vayne,
If vices be with vertue linkt in place,
On vice an hundred vertues doth diſgrace.
Therefore the man who hopeth for renowme,
Muſt fight with fleſh, and beate al vices downe,

And hee who can his raging wyl reſiſte,
Is much more ſtrong then Alexander greate,
Who wanne the worlde, yet had he not the feate,
With conqueſt to compel his lawleſſe liſte,
To do the thing whereby he might be bliſſe.
But they who hope to haue a heauenly ſeate,
Their luſt and fleſhly fancies downe muſt beate.
And here by me you may perceiue at large,
The thinges which God committeth to mans charge.

The Induction.

IT is requiſite (quoth Memory) that now you ſeeke for Edmund Ironſides father, I meane Egelrede, of ſome Writers called Etheldrede, who as his Predeceſſor Alurede, had but one vice: ſo hee had neuer a vertue. In whoſe time the Danes dyd more then ouerrunne Englande, for they ruled and raigned ouer the whole Realme, and although a very valiant impe proceeded out of his raynes, who for his ableneſſe to indure paynes, and trauayle, was ſurnamed Ironſide, yet had not William Duke of Normandy Nephew vnto the ſaide Edmunde, made a conqueſt therof, the Danes no doubte had ruled it euen vnto this day. It is neceſſary therfore that we heare this mans Complaynt, I haue hym here (quoth Inquiſition) but I haue no minde to heare him ſpeake, for ſeeing he dyd diſpiſe all vertue and learnyng, it is to be thought, that hee wyll tell a crooked tale, ſuch a one as

as wil (I feare except it be fyled after him) deforme all the reſt. But I wyl take paynes to polish that which he roughly doth frame. Not at all (quoth Memorie) the browne Byl is a goodly weapon: and let it ſuffiſe if the matter wyll beate downe vice, let the meeter delight as it may. Seeing you saye ſo, (quoth Inquiſition) I am content that by the example of his death, he may admoniſh all the worlde to flee the fall which he felt: wherewith he ſtepped forth, and saide as foloweth.

(.˙.)

The Complaynt of *Egelrede.*

¶ *How Egelrede for his wicked-*
neſſe was diuerſlye diſtreſſed by the Danes, and laſtly dyed for ſorrow, ſeeing him ſelfe not able to deale with Canutus.

The minde and not the Man dooth make or marre,
For as the Stearne dooth guide the Argocy:
So by their mindes all men they guyded are.
From out the minde proceedeth fantaſie,
All outwarde actes, vertue or vanitie,
Not from the man, but from the minde proceede:
The minde dooth make the man to do eache deede.

For Phalaris with beaſtly bloudy minde,
And Nero dyd in murther much deligbt,
To merry Antoninus was inclinde,
Midas for Golde extended all his might.
For worldly pompe how dyd Pompeius fight?
The meaning minde of Alexander, made
Hym winne the worlde, his fame can neuer fade.

Hou

How dyd the minde moue Calicratides,
Xerſes, Cirus, and Argantonius?
Philip of Macedon, Theramines,
Aiax, Iaſon, and Aurilianus,
Achilles, and the olde King Priamus,
Hector, and Hercules, with falſe Sino,
Their mindes dyd make them weaue the web of woe.

The Twig dooth bende as Boreas blaſtes dooth blow,
So man dooth walke euen as his minde dooth moue.
Then happy hee who hath a minde to know
Such thinges as be the beſt for his behoue,
No doubt the minde which vertuous actes dooth loue,
Dooth make a man euen Cæſar to ſurpaſſe,
For Noble deedes who Prince of proweſſe was.

But he who hath his minde to miſchiefe bent,
All his delight from vertue dooth decline,
Lyke mee to late hee ſhall his faultes repent,
His ſinfull ſoule ſhall feele the fall in fine
That I haue felte: which makes me to repine,
Againſt my minde for Nature dyd her parte,
My euil inclyned minde dyd ſpoyle my hart.

What though I were of comely perſonage?
Joyntly my ioyntes were ioynde with perfect ſhape,
Adorned eke with ſo ſweete a viſage,
That neuer yet from Natures handes dyd ſcape
A worke ymade of ſuch a perfect ſhape?
But what of that: theſe giftes for want of grace,
Deformed quite the feature of my face.

For

For why my minde to ruthful ruine bent,
I did delyght in lothsome lecherie:
I neuer did my odious deedes repent,
In drunkennesse, in extreme cruelitie,
I did delight in euerye villannye.
As for delyght in princely exercise,
The feates of armes I did them most despise.

By meanes whereof my subiectes did me hate,
And forrayne foes to burne my Realme were bolde:
With warre the Danes did alter straygbt the state.
First Fortune did my common weale vnfolde,
Then pestilence did make my courage colde,
And last of al, the dreadful diuelish Danes
Dyd make me pay them tribute for theyr paynes.

Euen nowe the Realme of Englande dyd decaye:
For when the Danes theyr tribute had consumde,
Forthwith they made vs greater summes to paye.
From ten to fiftéene thousand they presumde
Of poundes to make vs pay: so I redeemde
With money bagges my careful common wealth,
The onely meanes reserued for my health.

When thus the wante of courage on my parte
Had geuen my foes so sure footing here,
And when disease with her destroying Darte,
Had wypte away my subiects euerywhere:
Euen then to late my wisemen did appeare,
Whome heretofore I alwayes did detest,
There counsayle graue at last they thus expresst:

O Egelrede,

O Egelrede the fruite of fearfulnesse,
Of riote thou the right reward dost reape,
But if thou wilt auoyde this wretchednesse,
Be wise and looke about before you leape,
Of hatefull happes you see a hidiouse heape
Before your face, therefore in time geue eare,
And wisely way the wordes which thou shalt heare.

That nobel Duke Richarde of Normandy,
A sister hath, whom then we wishe to wed,
By meanes whereof from this captiuity
We may be brought, and that without bloodshed.
For why these Danes these Normans so do dread,
That yf from thence an ayde we can procure,
Thy foes no doubte can neuer long endure.

The mayd she may a princes fancye please,
Her brother is a man of greate renowne,
This way O king may make thy subiectes ease,
It may restore the freedome of thy Crowne,
This onely way will force thy foes to frowne.
If thou thy Crowne and common weale dost loue,
Do thou the thing so much for thy behoue.

So by their meanes I maried the mayde,
She Emma hight, the floure of Normandie,
Of whom I was so glad and wel apayde,
That al the world with my prosperitie
Could not compare: and in that Iolitye
I did deuise by traynes of secrete treason,
To bring the Danes to death, in a good season.

I did a feaſt throughout al my Realme proclame,
At which both Danes and Engliſhmen did meete,
Then ſecretely my friendes and I did frame,
That Engliſhmen the Danes ſhoulde friendly greete,
And at the feaſt that they ſhoulde doo their feate.
And that they might the better worke their wyl,
They thus were plaſt according vnto ſkil.

Two before one, and three before fyue,
Here two, and there two, and foure then beliue:
Here one, and there one, and three at a caſt,
Then one, and twice two, and one at the laſt.

They mingled thus, the watchworde wyſely geuen,
And Engliſhmen with weapons wel beſtead,
The Danes amidſt their Cuppes were ſhamefully ſlaine,
Fiue hundred thouſand in one day were dead.
Nowe note the rude of blood ſo beaſtly ſhed,
For Swane the king of Denmarke did ariue,
He for reuenge did vse to Richard dyue.

Marke here howe lawleſſe policies preuaile,
Their good ſucceſſe doo promiſe preſent payne.
What? May mans payne deuiſes ought auaile?
Diſhoneſt deedes no honour can obtayne,
All murthering Maſſacers be vile and payne,
Such ſutle ſlaygbtes haue neuer good ſucceſſe:
The proofe whereof with payne I here expreſſe.

For Swane with ſworde and fyre did deſtroye,
Both man and beaſt, and euery earthly thing,

He

He did that noble London much annoy,
He wonne the Realme and was the Englishe king.
When tract of time him to his Beere did bring,
Canutus then his sonne did him succeede,
Whom to displace I did despatch with speede.

My brother Richarde Duke of Normandy,
Of Normans gaue to me a goodly bande,
By helpe of whom Canutus fayst to flee,
I got agayne the kingdome of Englande.
But out(alas)what thing may fyrmely stande,
Whose vnder propt is of so litle might:
That want of strength dooth let thinges drop downright.

Canutus did from Denmarke nowe returne,
The warlyke wight appoynted passyng strong,
My subiectes slue, my Cities he did burne,
Which when I hearde I liude not very long.
My fainting hart was thronged with a throng
Of cares, which broke it in my fearefull brest,
And so at last death brought my bones to rest.

Twice tenne and eight I ranne my ruthful race,
And then in Paules my cursed corps was layde,
Canutus did my common weale deface,
The Danes were kinges, my kingdome was decayde,
This worlde is fraple, and euery thing must fade,
But alwayes that which wanteth gouernment,
That fyrst dooth feele the force of dangers dent.

The Induction.

Memory (quoth Inquiſition) what dyd become of Edmunde Ironſyde, of whom you made mention, in your former inductiõ: That vertuous valiaunt Prince (quoth Memory) was miſerably made away by an Earle. By an Earle: (quoth Inquiſition) I haue here an Earle called Edricus, who murthered a kynge, it maye bee, that chaunce hath yeelded vntoo vs the factour vnlooked for. He is euen the ſame ſayd Memory, and hys Tragedye is very neceſſarie, for hee, as thys woorthie kyng was ſet on a Priuie to doo as nature and neceſſitie dooth conſtrayne, cauſed hym miſerably to bee thruſt vp into the fundament wyth a Speare, wherewith the good Prince

Prince ended hys dayes. If we doo heare hym, geue hym warnyng (quoth Inquisition) that hee be briefe: for wee haue no tyme too bestowe in hearing the complayntes of those miserable Princes, and yet wee muste needes heare one more besyde hym. Let hym therefore goe roundly to the purpose. He shal not be tedious quoth Memory. Wherewith the wretched man sayde as followeth.

(.·.)

The Complaint of *Edricus.*

¶ *Howe Edricus deſtroyed the valiant* king Edmunde Ironſyde, hoping to haue greate preferment for his labour of Canutus the Dane, and howe the ſame Canutus cauſed him to be headed for his labour. A neceſſary example for al ſuch as thinke by craft and deceite to increaſe their credite.

YOu helliſh hagges of Limbo Lake belowe,
Which dayly doo my curſed corps torment,
Come forth, come forth, come forth, (I ſay) and ſhewe
Howe I on earth my diſmal dayes haue ſpent.
And wil you not you wretched wightes aſſent
To helpe me here to tell that direrie tale,
Which may amongſt men liuing much meruayle?

O curſed ghoſt condemde to endeleſſe thral,
Sith they refuſe to aide thee in this neede,
Doo thou declare and tel the truth of al,
That men aliue my wretched mookes may reade,
And ſee the fruite of ſutle Satans ſeede,
Anoyding vice, and fancies fonde delight,
Note wel my tale, the truth I ſhal recite.

When

When Etheldrede had geuen Canutus place,
Edmunde his sonne surnamed Ironside,
Deuising howe he might his foe deface,
By wrath of warre the cause they did decide:
And in the ende the Realme they did deuide.
Edmunde had halfe, Canutus had the rest,
Then they with peace and quietnesse were blest.

O blinde beleefe, O hope of higher hope,
Why did you moue my minde to meditate,
Howe I in woe king Edmunde might inuade,
And howe I might depriue my kinges estate?
Thou blinde beleefe, thou breeder of debate,
I wanting grace did let thee moue my minde,
Cruelnesse to kil a courteous king, and kinde.

He being kilde, I to Canutus went,
To whom I sayd, Here here a faythfull friend,
I for thy loue with bloody blade haue bene
And brought my king to his vntimely ende,
Thou by that meanes shalt rule thy realme with rest,
My friendly fact with happie good successe
Hath thee inriche with blisse and happinesse.

Hast thou (quoth he) destroyde thy soueraygn king?
Thou faythlesse fawning friende, for loue of mee?
Thou verlet vile, and couldste thou doo the thing
The which might more abridge my libertie?
O heynous acte, O bloody cruelties.
But sith that loue did moue thee doo that deede,
Thou for thy payne shalt be reserde with speede.

Wherewith

Wherwith in haſt he to the hangman ſaid,
Let this mans head the hygheſt place obtayne
On London walles: wherewith I neuer ſtayde,
But on a blocke my necke was cut in twayne,
In all mens ſighte, my head did long remayne.
See here what wit the grape of hope dooth yeeld,
See on what ſand ſuch baſe braynes do builde.

O hateful thing that fancies fonde delight,
The ſenſe of mortal man ſhould ſenſeleſſe make.
When vices vaunts with vertues deedes dare fyght,
Then dooth the ſoule the happie heauens forſake,
Then man makes haſt to Plutoes lothſome lake.
Why ſhould man loue that lingered ſowre ſweete,
Which wiſedoms lore to lothe hath thought moſt meete?

The

FINIS.

The Induction.

The iust reward for so vile an offence do the proue (quoth Inquisition) this Canutus to bee both a wise and a worthy Prince. Yea saide (Memory) yf he had liued amõgst those prating Poetes which made so muche tattle of Hector & Hercules, certaynely he should not haue been inferiour vnto eche of them. This Canutus was king at one time of foure kingdomes: as for Englande, and Scotlande, and Norway, he held them by conquest. By birth he was the kyng of Denmarke: yea he so demeaned him selfe, that duryng his lyfe all these foure kingdomes honoured him with the honoure due vnto a natiue king. But not long after his death, that good king Saint Edmunde the confessour, obtayned agayne the rule of Englande, but chiefely through the helpe of his Nephewe William duke of Normandy, to whom for that after his death he by liniall descent was next, he promised the Crowne of Englande, if that

he dyed without issue. Howe chaunced it then (quoth Inquisition) that the Duke made such sharpe warre vppon Harolde, for the obteyning thereof? Howe dyd it chaunce (quoth Memory?) that is necessarie too be knowne, for that chaunce dyd not onely destroy the Danes, but it brought both Harolde and the Englishmen to confusion: and although nowe our idle houres be spent, tyme and our affayres doo call vs from the further hearing these mens complayntes, yet let vs as we may, heare what thys Harolde wyll saye: hys story wyll furnishe our wooorke wyth a fit conclusion. And for the better vnderstanding of this mans matter, doo you imagine that you see this king, comming from the conquest of the Danes, euen sweating in hys armour, to saye as followeth.

(.˙.)

The

The Complaint of *Harolde:*

¶ *Howe King Harolde raygnyng* but niene monthes, had continuall warre with the Danes, with the Norway Kyng, with his brother Tosto, and with Duke William, who partely by hys strength, but chiefly by policie, ouercame hym, and by killyng him in the feelde, obteyned the kingdome of Englande. Thys historie dooth declare that no manhoode nor courage can keepe the crowne from the right heyres head.

VVDulde he haue warre, and we to warre proclame?
O Bastarde Duke, and dost thou dare to fyght?
My Noble men, Come forth, and purchase Fame.
Geue me my swoorde, let me defende my right
Steppe foorth with speede my Martiall men of myght
With Bowes and Bylles, let vs their course restrayne
And teach them that their vaunting bowes be vayne.

But that we may with wysedome wisely woorke,
It vs behoues in Normandy to fight
With hym, and not to let his souldiers lurke
Here in my Realme, we shal thereby achiue
No noble acte, though hence we him do dryue.
But if we deale with him in Normandy,
We shal receiue renowme and victorie.

It is the beſt, with forraine foes to fyght
Abroade, as did the haughtie Hannibal,
And not at home to feele their hateful ſpight.
Of all the reſt it is the greateſt thrall,
That foes arriude ſhould ſpoyle our ſubiectes all:
And for a truth this alwayes hath bin found,
He ſpeedeth beſt which fightes on forrayne grounde.

My men of warre were muſtered in haſt.
But haſt to late was then of none auayle,
The Duke arriude, he in my Realme was plaſte,
He euery where my ſubiectes did aſſayle,
And euery where he cauſed them to quayle.
For which I bode hym battaile by and by,
Where equall warres gaue neither victorye.

For both our ſtrengthes were weakned in ſuch wiſe,
We both for breath to pauſe were wel content,
Euen then the Duke he wiſely did deuiſe,
How here to yeeld my crowne I might be bent:
For whiche to me a Purſiphaunt he ſent,
With letters, ſuche as here I ſhall recite,
Wherein he claimes the Birrayne Crowne his right.

Wylliam

William Duke of Normandie, *and ryght heyre to the Englyſhe* Crowne, to Harolde the Vſurper.

Though birthright cannot cauſe thee yeeld to me my crown,
Yet haue thou ſome reſpect of honour and renowne,
For thou by oth didſt ſweare to yeeld to me my right,
When as I thee preferd, and ſtalde thee there bymight.
Mine vncle Edwarde he, thy fathers faythfull freende
Gaue me his crowne, and thou thereto didſt condeſcrew,
Yet now thou wouldeſt fayne deſeate me of my right,
And proue thy ſelfe forſworne of former promiſe plighte.
Shall Harold haue his heſt: ſhal Godwines ſonne here guide?
Shall William want his wyl, and haue his ryght denide?
Wel Harolde, if thou canſt with warres determine ſo,
I am content: if not, prouide, I am thy foe.
My ſonnes and al my kinne ſhal neuer ſtint to ſtriue,
To plucke thee from thy place, whilſt one is left aliue:
But if thou wylt be wiſe, to me my right reſigne,
And thou ſhalt haue the place belonging to thy line.
If not, with fyre and ſwoorde I meane thy Realme to ſpoyle,
I neuer hence wyll ſtarte till I haue forſt thy ſoyle.
And now thou knowſte my wyl, determine for the beſt,
Thou maiſt haue warres, and if thou wylt, thou maiſt haue reſt.

Willyam Duke of Normandy.

These letters were of little might, to make
My manly minde to graunt hym his requeſt,
For which I did to Fortune me betake,
To wage new warres with hym I deemde it beſt,
So from his fill his threatning blade to weſt.
But see the force of Fortunes changing cheare,
An other cloude before me did appeare.

My brother Toſto who from me was fleed,
Did now returne, and brought the Norway kyng:
They did deuiſe to haue from me my head,
Which made me to indite an other thing
Unto the Duke, then playne and true meaning.
I gaue him hope of that I neuer meant,
These were the lines which to the Duke I ſent.

Harolde the Engliſh king, to thee William Duke of Normandie.

HArold the Engliſh king, thee William Duke doth greete.
Thy letter being read, I haue not thought it meete,
Without a parliament to doo ſo great a thing,
As of a forrayne Duke, to make an Engliſhe kyng.
But if my three eſtates will follow mine aduiſe,
Thou ſhalt receiue the crowne, and beare away the pryce.
Therfore delay a time, thou ſhorely ſhalt receiue
With full conſent the thing, which now thou ſeekſt to haue.

Harolde.

Then

Then I in hast my power did prepare,
For why, I hearde my brother Tostoes trayne,
Two of my Earles by North he had destroyd,
And manye a thousand men he there had slayne:
But when we met, his triumphe was in vayne.
For I and myne the Norway king there kilte,
And I my selfe my brothers blood there spilte.

Now when the Duke my friendly lines had read,
And heard how I my men did muster newe,
There lies a Snake within this greene grasse bed
Quoth he, therefore come forth my warrelike crewe,
We will not staye to see what shall insue.
By long delayes, from Forrain coastes he may
Procure an ayde, to scourge vs with decay.

But when he heard with whom I had to deale,
Well donne (quoth he) let hym go beate the bushe,
I and my men to the lurche line will steale,
And plucke the Net euen at the present push,
And one of them we with decaye will crushe.
For he who doth the victor there remaine,
Shall neuer rest, till he hath dealt with twaine.

So I in vaine who had the victorie,
Within fewe dayes was forst againe to fight,
My strength halfe spoylde, the rest wounded and wearie,
His campe was comne vnwares within my sight,
There was no hope to flee by day nor night.
I Harolde then, a Harande sent in haste,
To know whither the Duke his campe had plaste.

He

He sent me woorde, my pls and ands were baine,
And that he knewe the driftes of my delay,
For which he sayde he woulde yet once agayne
Make trial, who shoulde beare the crowne away.
If I would yeelde, he sayd his men should slay,
If not, he then was present presently,
To trye the cause by Mars his crueltie.

Which when I hearde, and sawe him march amayne,
His Trumpets did defy me to my face,
In hast I did appoynt my very trayne,
And souldier like I al my men did place,
I neuer sighde, nor prayde, nor gapte for grace.
For hauing plaste my men in battayle ray,
Myne Ancient bearer did my armes display.

The battayle, vanard, and the rerewarde,
Were plaste in frunte, that men might fyght at wyll,
The forelorne hope of Bowmen I prepardc,
In skirmishing who had the perfect skil.
With Archers eke I did the winges fulfyl,
To rescue them my men at armes were prest,
Then thus my speech amongst them I expprest.

My mates, in armes see here the last assault,
Winne now the fielde, and be you euer blest.
This Bastarde base borne Duke, shal he exalt
Him selfe so high? geue eare vnto my best,
This day no doubt we shall haue quiet rest:
For good successe shal set vs free from feare,
Or hateful happe shal bring vs to our Beare.

Cum

Euen here at hand his power doth appeare,
March forth my men, we must no longer stay:
Let euery man abandon fainting feare,
And I as guyde wyl leade you on your way,
Euen I my selfe the formost in the fray,
Wyl teach you how you shal abate his pride.
Fight fight my men, Saint George shalbe your guyde.

His Crosbowe men my Archers did assayle
With three to one, yet were they al to weake:
And when his forloyne hope could not preuayle,
Them to assist his Horsemen out did breake,
Three troopes I sent on them the wrath to wreake,
And by and by the battayles both did ioyne,
With many a thrust, and many a bloudie foyne.

Of three mayne battayles he his armie made,
I had but one, and one did deale with three:
Of which the first by me were quite dismayde,
The other two they did discomfort me,
Not yeelding, but in yeelding blowes wee bee
(With losse of life) constrayned at last to yeelde
The Crowne, the kingdome, and the foughten feelde.

Note now the lot which on my limmes did lyght,
Nine monthes no more, I wore the Englishe Crowne,
In Euery month I in the feelde did fight,
In euery fyght, I wonne a freshe renowne,
Yet at the last my strength was beaten downe,
And here before you, now I do protest,
I neuer had one day of quiet rest.

For fyrſt with warre I wonne the Princely ſeate,
With ciuil ſtrife I dayly was diſtreſt,
My brother twiſe indeuorde to defeate
Me of my throne, the Norway king was preſt,
The dreadful Danes they dayly mee diſtreſt.
At laſt, this Duke did make me ſtrike my ſayle,
When winde, nor tide, nor Oars, myght preuayle.

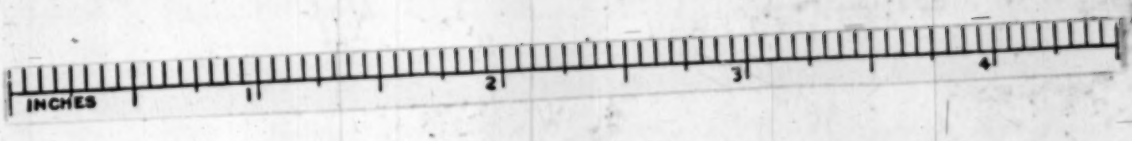
My kingdome then was proude his lawful price,
With conqueſt he recouered his right,
And as you ſee of conquering the guiſe,
The Engliſhmen they were defaced quite,
Then of his trayne hee did prepare ech wyght.
And this was that which onely brought me bleſſe,
I did not liue to ſee this wretchednesſe.

But woe to me which cauſed al this coyle,
I was an Earle my father being dead.
Why did my breſt with ſcalding malice boyle,
To kepe the Crowne from the right heyers head?
O Fancye fonde, thy fuminges hath mee led,
The ſtinking ſtinch of thyne inclined beſt,
Hath poyſoned al the vertues in my breſt.

The ruthful roodes of proued euil ſucceſſe,
Who hath ſuſtaynde, that paſſing pinching payne,
That woful wight al wrapt in wretchednesſe,
Can wel report mans fancye is but vayne,
That man doth know, by proofe he findes it playne,
That he who ſtoopes to fancies fond deſires,
Doth grope for Grapes amidſt the bramble briers.

Let

Let no man thinke by fetches finely filde,
By double driftes conuayed cunningly,
To get or gayne by any craft or guile.
A good estate with long prosperitie.
His lust obtaynde, he liues in miserie,
His guilty ghost dooth see his plague appeare,
Who goeth straight he needeth not to feare.

¶ FINIS.

Goe straight and feare not.